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CANNON AND CAMERA

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The Maine passing Morro Castle, Havana, as she entered the gate of death.

CANNON AND CAMERA

SEA AND LAND BATTLES OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR IN CUBA, CAMP LIFE, AND THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIERS

Described and Illustrated
BY JOHN C. HEMMENT
War Artist at the Front

With Index, and an Introduction by
W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1898

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Dedicated to my Wife.

PREFACE.

I AM more familiar with the camera than with the pen, but my range of personal experiences has been so wide during the Spanish-American War that I have been led to hope that this record of what I have seen in camps, on battlefields, and on shipboard will prove of interest and value to readers.

My thanks are due to a very old friend, Mr. A. J. Kenealy, who took my work in hand and kindly saw the pages through the press.

J. C. H.

NEW YORK, *October 1, 1898.*

INTRODUCTION.

THE practical application of modern photography is daily becoming more widespread and useful. The camera is now a most important product of our nineteenth-century civilization. It is an almost indispensable instrument in nearly every profession and all the sciences.

Reproductive photography has revolutionized periodical and book illustration. The photo-engraver's camera has been for several years a most important agent in the preparation of the great daily newspaper, as well as the illustrated weekly and monthly magazine; and the improved hand camera is almost as important an implement in the outfit of a special correspondent as his pencil and notebook. It is more effective and satisfactory than the sketching pad, and has consequently superseded it.

The camera has long been a favourite implement of the chase, capturing the image of game which it did not kill. But it remained for the author of this book to demonstrate its effectiveness as an instrument of war. Photographs have been made heretofore of camp life, the fields of military operations, and naval manœuvres, but so far as I know Mr. Hemment is the first photographer to obtain a complete pictorial description of an entire war, including not only the pictures of life in camp or on board the men-of-war, but also faithful views of actual engagements both on land and sea.

Mr. Hemment has been a recognised leader for a number of years among the most skilful photographers of the country, especially in instantaneous work, having successfully photographed with his special apparatus—designed for him after his own directions—the most difficult athletic events. An athlete, also, himself, he was peculiarly well fitted to undertake the hazardous enterprise of photographing the scenes and deeds of the recent war with Spain.

That he has done his work well and com-

pletely the following pages fully attest. His pictures and account begin with the exciting scenes which followed the destruction of the battle ship Maine, include characteristic scenes in the various American camps, depict the stirring deeds of our squadron before Santiago de Cuba, and end with the operations which resulted in the fall of that city and the victorious close of the war.

Mr. Hemment was not satisfied to photograph only those scenes which could be caught without danger to himself; he made some of his most successful pictures to the thrilling accompaniment of Spanish Mauser bullets. It is therefore to his courage as a man as well as to his skill as a photographer that we owe this very satisfactory pictorial account of the war for Cuba's independence.

W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS.

NEW YORK.

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CANNON AND CAMERA.

CHAPTER I.

THE BLOWING UP OF THE MAINE.

My arrival in Havana—The wreck of the Maine—Welcomed by Captain Sigsbee and Consul-General Lee—Hostility of the Spanish volunteers—Insults to Americans—An arrest and escape—Arrival of the Montgomery—The Board of Inquiry—The camera in the bull ring—With Senator Proctor among the reconcentrados—Brutal Spanish soldiers—Our train attacked by insurgents—I bribe the custom-house officers and depart with photographs of the forts.

THE cable despatch announcing the blowing up of the battle-ship Maine in Havana harbour on February 15, 1898, came to me as a great shock. Of all the vessels in Uncle Sam's navy, she was more endeared to me than any other. I had known all her crew, from Captain Crowninshield down to the youngest apprentice boy. The officer with whom I was perhaps most intimate was Lieutenant Jenkins, and just before the sailing of

the vessel from the Brooklyn Navy Yard I had lunched with him in the wardroom. He spoke cheerily about the war ship's mission, as was his custom. If he had any premonition of peril in the coming trip, he effectually concealed it from me. As we parted at the gangway, he wrung my hand cordially and promised to look me up at my studio on his return.

Little did I think then that the next time I was destined to see him would be when his almost unrecognisable body was brought to the surface of the harbour of Havana by an American diver.

I was familiar with every inch of the Maine, having photographed her from nearly every effective standpoint. Each successive telegram from the scene of the disaster was eagerly scanned by me for news of my friends aboard, and I was much affected when the name of Lieutenant Jenkins appeared among the lost. As the evidence grew more and more convincing that the Maine had been sent to the bottom by Spanish treachery, I grew correspondingly more eager, for personal and professional reasons, to reach Havana and observe for myself.

It did not take me long to make arrangements for starting. I was instructed by the United States Government to take photographs of the shattered ship, and Secretary Long of the navy furnished me with a letter to Captain Sigsbee, who had succeeded Captain Crowninshield in command of the Maine, requesting him to make my task as easy as possible. In addition to this, I had several commissions from pictorial papers, so that, in packing up my traps for the trip, I included a large supply of photographic necessaries, not knowing of a certainty whether my wants could be filled in the Cuban capital, this being my first visit to the Pearl of the Antilles.

It was on Saturday, February 19, four days after the destruction of the Maine, that I embarked on the Seguranca, bound from New York to Havana. My friends flocked to the dock in large numbers to see me off and wish me good luck. Nothing of consequence occurred on the passage to interest the public. The only matter of personal interest was that my old enemy seasickness, with which I am afflicted in fair weather and

foul, again attacked me. Nothing else was talked about but the destruction of the Maine, and nearly all on board blamed the Spaniards.

On Wednesday morning we sighted in the distance old Morro Castle, stately and beautiful, a mass of solid battlemented masonry before which the lofty lighthouse, one hundred and forty feet in height, stands up like a giant sentry. The observatory and signal station are in the castle, which was built in 1589, and was at that time doubtless a formidable defence, but its gray stone walls, massive as they are, would soon crumble and succumb to the blows of modern projectiles.

The entrance to the harbour is picturesque. Morro Castle and white-walled Fort Cabaña on the east and Castle Punta on the west were so attractive that I levelled my camera on them with excellent results, continuing my operations as we steamed up the bay, taking photographs of all the fortifications and other objects that appealed to my artistic sense. And so I worked on until we came abreast of the sunken Maine.

The shattered ship at this time was a sight

The wreck of the Maine.

which I shall never forget. I had last seen her, beautiful, graceful, and majestic in all her strength, floating lazily on the waters of Chesapeake Bay, all hands on board in good spirits, jolly and gay, and they were as fine a lot of fellows as ever served under the flag of Uncle Sam.

Hence, when I saw her now, an unrecognisable mass of twisted, mangled, charred scrap iron, formerly the home, now the sepulchre, of so many brave men, it would be difficult to portray accurately my emotions. The vessel was lacerated and mutilated beyond recognition. A single mast alone remained. Her massive steel beams and girders were bent and twisted. Her funnels and ventilators were rent and distorted. I was overcome. I could not possibly believe that this battered hulk was once the battle ship I knew so well.

We passed beyond her to an anchorage not far distant, and there began the work of disembarkation. The day was a scorcher; such heat I had never encountered. I was not in any way prepared for this high temperature, but lost no time in getting my traps

together and lowered into one of those boats that surround every incoming steamer, manned by land sharks eager to prey on strangers luckless enough to fall into their clutches. With bag and baggage we were hustled off to the custom house, where we were the observed of all observers. Grins on the debased and begrimed faces of the peddling women and supercilious sneers on the countenances of the haughty dons gave us to understand that we were looked upon as intruders, and treated as such. The custom-house officials stood round waiting for something, I know not what. Soon a hotel proprietor came to our rescue. He told us that the Pasaje Hotel was the only high-class hostelry in Havana. We had heard of the Inglaterra, but up to that time the fame of the Pasaje had not reached us. The entreaties of mine host, however, were so winning, and it was apparent that he had so strong a "pull" with all the officials, that I yielded to his blandishments, and was led off an easy prey. He reminded me of the typical Spanish innkeeper, portrayed so vividly in Gil Blas and Don Quixote. Happily, I was not alone;

others had joined me, ready like myself to endure with patience and philosophy anything that might befall. Our baggage was piled into one of those numerous mule wagons that swarm in every street, and we were ushered into a rather rickety *coupé* and started off for the Pasaje. The first thing that struck me was the noticeable narrowness of the streets and the comparative absence of sidewalks.

Obispo Street, through which we passed, was hung from side to side and end to end with what the natives were pleased to term their flag of "blood and gold." From every possible place the eye met the Spanish colours. Not a single Cuban flag was visible. After passing through several streets crowded with queer-looking individuals, who seemed as though they would be benefited by a bath and a full meal, we arrived at the hotel. To us the landlord and his servants were all urbanity, bowing, scraping, and patting us on the back in a manner so effusive as to be offensive.

We were shown to our rooms almost immediately. A bed surrounded by a mosquito

canopy occupied the middle of my chamber. This was discouraging, for if there is one insect on earth which seems able to perform creditable sleuth work where I am the hunted object, it is the mosquito. My room had no windows, a tiled floor, and a wooden ceiling. It opened into a courtyard pretty well filled with Spanish army officers, regulars and auxiliaries. This hotel, by the way, was quite a headquarters for the officers of the Havana volunteers.

Soon dinner was announced. It was a puzzler for me, the bill of fare being printed in Spanish, and, as my Spanish vocabulary was in inverse ratio to my appetite, I feared the worst. However, I contrived to make known my wants to the waiter at our table. This waiter was a character. While he served us with great politeness, and was obsequiously servile in our presence, I noticed that when he went back to the kitchen a sinister sneer came over his swarthy countenance, which seemed to say, "Oh, those pigs!" On my left and right, in front and behind, at nearly every table in the restaurant, one or two Spanish officers sat. They did not look as

though they were in Havana for war, but simply for pleasure. They were accompanied by wives and sweethearts, friends and children, and were thoroughly enjoying themselves. The scene recalled the frivolities of Paris.

After dinner I strolled up to the Casa Inglaterra. This hotel was the headquarters for the officers and newspaper men in general, and everything that was going on was first known there. Having with me Secretary Long's letter to Captain Sigsbee, I went in search of him. On presenting my credentials, I could not help being impressed by his frank and earnest face, which bore well-defined traces of the fearful mental strain of the past few days. His was indeed an arduous position, but he passed through the grim ordeal as a brave American sailor should, reflecting credit on his country and compelling the admiration of friend and foe. Captain Sigsbee knew that I had come to make photographs for the Government. He told me that he would be pleased to help me in obtaining good pictures of the wreck of the Maine, and I am indebted to him and Lieutenant-

Commander Wainwright, executive officer of the Maine, for many courtesies.

At a table in the dining room of the hotel sat General Fitzhugh Lee, the American consul general. When dinner was over and I had been presented to the general by one of the many newspaper correspondents, I took the opportunity to present a letter of introduction to him which I had from Mr. W. J. Arkell. The general shook me heartily by the hand, and, dubbing me "captain," said that he would be pleased to do anything he possibly could for me. I felt at last as though I were at home again, and after a time I strolled back to the Pasaje and went to bed.

After a good night's rest, I woke in the morning and came down to the breakfast room at about half past seven, only to find that no breakfast was served so early. It is the Spanish custom to take but a cup of coffee, go to business for two or three hours, and to take breakfast at 11 A. M. In Cuba scarcely any work is done in the middle of the day, the heat being so intense. Offices and banks close from 11 A. M. until 2 P. M.

Fort Punta, Havana.

After breakfast I got my camera and plates together, and with my assistant stowed myself away in a one-horse vehicle (my reverence for age debars me from attempting to describe it), which took us to the wharves and docks. There we found characters and scenes galore. I walked along the water front from the San Francisco dock to the Regla Ferry, making pictures of everything that struck my fancy. This part of Havana reminded me of West Street, New York. Here ships filled with all kinds of grain and provisions were being unloaded by Spaniards and Cubans. The rowdy element was present on all sides, and as I passed from dock to dock I not unfrequently heard the remark which translated means, "The dirty Americans!" While they did not insult us openly to our face, sneers, jeers, and ridicule were everywhere encountered.

My ignorance of the Spanish language prevented me from comprehending the meaning of their words, but I drew my conclusions from the malign expression of their countenances. We came to a gang on a dock, all of whom pointed to the wreck of the Maine with

unmistakable pride. They made us understand that they gloried in that dastardly deed, and that they were sorry that all of our countrymen were not at the bottom of the sea. All Havana knew that the Maine had been destroyed purposely, and only the educated classes affected to believe that the ship had been sunk by an interior explosion. The mob, incapable of artistic dissimulation, did not try to conceal their joy. Little did they then know in how short a time they would have to pay the awful penalty of that terrible outrage.

My experience that afternoon taught me that the best way to treat these people was to take their insolence and say nothing.

In passing along the streets we continually came in contact with the volunteer element, which was a most dangerous one. The Spanish volunteers are bloodthirsty and ferocious. The Cubans have reason to hate them. During the rebellion their cruelty to the Cubans was terrible. They maintained a reign of terror. Everywhere I went I was impressed by the bitter hatred that exists between Castilian and Cuban, caused by cen-

turies of tyranny and oppression. The volunteers exhibited it more than any other class of Spaniards. They were licensed libertines, suffered only to exist because of their loyalty to their government. They were perpetually looking for a fight, and would think no more of firing a bomb off in a public street than a cowboy on the "rampage" does of discharging his revolver in the air as he gallops through a frontier town in the far West. Beneath the thin veneer of vaunted Spanish chivalry which these volunteers affect, there lies a solid stratum of the baser qualities of degenerate humanity. I fear that in the reconstruction of Cuba harsh measures will be necessary to bring them under control.

The sidewalks, where they do exist, are narrow, and will accommodate pedestrians in single file only. The officers and the men of the volunteer regiments seemed to think that they had the right of way, and to me, carrying a camera which was rather weighty, stepping off the sidewalks all the time to allow one of these swashbucklers to pass seemed useless and monotonous exercise. I therefore made a rule for myself, and deter-

mined to hold my own, with my faithful man to back me. On one occasion I encountered an officer of the Spanish volunteers, and, declining to make way, remained on the sidewalk. He glared at me in indignant amazement because I did not get off for his Excellency. I stood and looked at him for a while and simply motioned, as much as to say: "This is mine; you get off this time." He did not seem to understand what I meant, and as I could not tell him in his own language, and it was impossible for him to ask me in mine, I forced my way past him, with the result that he went off. Some foreign remarks of an uncomplimentary character came from this gentleman, but I passed on unheeding.

This little encounter occurred on Cuba Street, where my dark room and little improvised studio were located, so that I had to travel up and down this street quite frequently. I enforced this regulation of my own making as far as possible. If I met one of the opposite sex, a fashionably dressed woman, or a poor, emaciated creature with a baby on one arm and several more tagging at her

The Spanish admiral leaving the U. S. S. Montgomery.

tattered garments, I invariably gave way, but whenever I met one of the haughty snobs of Spain's volunteers I took pleasure in showing him that he did not own all Havana.

My duty sometimes called me to work rather late, developing my plates and getting my prints ready, so that it was often midnight before I left my studio. It was my misfortune on several occasions to have some of these volunteers walk close behind me, when they took great delight in spitting upon my person. Mark you, behind my back! I felt this more than once, and knew it to be a fact, but I thought discretion the better part of valour, for had I resented this insult it would have been far worse for me. I knew that they were cowards, or they would never have done such mean tricks. I realized then that these Spanish volunteers would prove themselves poltroons in battle, for no man that is not a dastard will do behind another man's back what he dare not do to his face. One of the volunteers, a carpenter by trade, was so bitter against Americans that he refused to make a few necessary alterations in

my studio, although I offered him payment at an extravagant rate.

It remained, however, for the arrival of the Montgomery to show the risk run by a man in the fulfillment of his duty, and the obloquy one meets in a hostile country. On the morning the Montgomery was sighted several miles off Morro I went down to Fort Punta to await her passage into the narrow bay. During my wait I focussed my camera on Morro Castle just across the bay, when I heard some one calling, as I thought, to deride and ridicule me. I paid no attention, when suddenly a gentleman came up to me and warned me that the garrison was about to fire on me. I looked up in amazement, and saw a company drawn up on the parapet of Fort Punta. Their guns were pointed at me as if they were just about to shoot. An officer mounted the parapet, and, gesticulating excitedly, yelled to me (in Spanish, as I afterward learned) that I was under arrest. I was thus in a dangerous predicament, for I had entered this fort, without being hindered by the guards at the gate, with my camera and my plates. My assistant was with me

Spanish divers at work on the wreck of the Maine.

and my interpreter, the good and faithful Mike, stood by me as a brother would. He told me the officer was going to send a squad of men round to arrest me. I asked him why, and he replied that, from what he could make out from the officer, it was for photographing the fort, which was an illegal act, punishable in Havana with imprisonment, and perhaps with death.

I at once realized my peril, and saw that there was little chance of escape, for I was conspicuously clad in a pair of linen trousers and a blue and white sweater. However, I ordered my man to move off in double-quick time with the camera and plates. This was comparatively easy, as people were allowed to enter this fort and go down to the water's edge without being molested. As the guard had to make a considerable detour of the fort before they could reach me, it gave my man ample time to escape, which he did successfully.

When the guards arrived with drawn machetes, and accused me of having photographed the fort, I asked them how I could photograph the fort without a camera. Their

actions indicated that they thought I had a camera in my pocket, for they examined me up and down, and seemed much surprised at not being able to find it. I told them that I was innocent, and Mike assured them that I was simply an onlooker, and that the other man had done it. This recalled my boyhood days, when we used always to blame the other fellow. All excuses were in vain. I was marched off to the guardhouse and confronted with the captain of the guard. Mike was not allowed to accompany me, so I thought that I was in for it; and so I was, for they conducted me to a dirty cell and gave me sarcastic smiles, which led me to think I was going to be a victim.

In the meantime my man had gone to the American consul and told him of my predicament. General Lee said that if I had been so indiscreet as to photograph the forts, he could do nothing for me. When Mike brought me this news, I told him to ask the captain of the guard to summon the sentry from the post at the entrance to the fort and ask him if he saw me enter.

Now, as luck would have it, this sentry

had given me permission to pass into the fort. As I was not carrying my camera, nor had anything on my person resembling a camera, he certainly would have no evidence against me. This sentry proved my salvation. He told the captain of the guard that I entered the fort without a camera or anything resembling a camera, and that he knew me again by my blue-and-white jersey. In my heart I thanked good old Columbia College for adopting these colours, for they undoubtedly saved me from perhaps a long imprisonment. After the captain had consulted with several other officers, they decided that there was no evidence against me, and let me go.

By this time the Montgomery was right off the Morro. As soon as I could make my way outside of this Fort Punta, I looked round for my camera, and to my great delight, skulking behind a wall which protects the street from the bay, I saw my faithful man Hughie. There he was, all ready to shoot. Taking advantage of the circumstance that the guards were all gazing seaward at the saucy Yankee cruiser, and were paying no attention to me, I started in and made pic-

tures of the Montgomery. Then I turned the lens which never lies upon this great and wonderful fort, which at best is but an antiquated ruin. I took this photograph just for spite, and then I followed the Montgomery into the inner bay, where we were hailed with derisive shouts, rotten onions, decayed potatoes, and putrid fruit of every kind. Cries were heard from the warehouses along the water front that they had already sunk one of our ships, and would serve the Montgomery in the same way.

We encountered a mob at Caberellos which looked rather threatening, but, as I wanted to follow the Montgomery along and get good views of her as she entered the inner bay, we forced ourselves through the crowd, being hustled and knocked about considerably. If ever I felt strong, this was the time; but the masses were against me, and so I became pliant, and with curved back and bending knee wriggled my way through the mob. This rough treatment from the Spaniards lasted during our walk along the water front. When we reached the Machina (custom house) a great crowd had assembled, which

was hooting, jeering, and calling the Montgomery all kinds of abusive names, and indicating by pointing to the wrecked battle ship the fate they had in store for the cruiser.

As the little Montgomery passed close by the Spanish men-of-war Viscaya and Oquendo, the mob indulged in more jeers, pointing out how easy it would be for the two great war ships to annihilate the American cockleshell, whose size they ridiculed. The Spaniards, as I learned later, have a vocabulary remarkably rich in obscenity and profanity, and I believe that they exhausted it on the Montgomery. Little did they know what sterling stuff Captain Converse and his men are made of! If they had been fired on, the Montgomery would have sunk fighting, and would never have surrendered.

At this point we took a boat manned by a Spaniard, Robustiano, who pulled out to the Montgomery, where I once more felt at home, and, drawing a little American flag from my pocket, I stood upright in the boat and waved it so that those on shore could see it plainly, and those on the cruiser still more

so. The boys on the Montgomery, from the apprentice to the executive officer, were anxious to cheer in return; but "Silence!" was ordered from the quarter-deck, and not a single response did we get. They did not want to make any demonstration whatever. This I was told afterward when I boarded the vessel. Captain Converse and his men said that they were pleased to see such a show of patriotism, but could not answer by cheering at that moment.

After making some good pictures of the Montgomery saluting the forts and the commandant, we stayed by her to see the officers exchange official courtesies, and became witnesses of the following incident: The Spanish admiral visited the Montgomery, and while on the deck of the vessel displayed all that oily suavity characteristic of his race. When leaving the vessel, and while still on her gangway at the starboard side, just before entering his barge, he stopped, drew out paper and tobacco, rolled and lighted a cigarette, and began smoking on the gangway of the Montgomery, throwing the small fragments of tobacco on the steps. This was an

unpardonable breach of naval etiquette. An orderly was sent to go down and clean these specks off the gangway, which he did with much humorous officiousness.

That night was an uneasy one for the boys of the Montgomery. Most of them slept on deck. In fact, the decks and the boats were crowded with men, who did not mean to go down with the Montgomery as their fellow-tars had with the Maine. Eternal vigilance was kept on everything, and nothing was allowed to approach the vessel without being hailed. This was hard for the men, who would have much preferred fighting a bold and open foe to guarding against a possible treacherous attack such as destroyed the Maine.

In going to the wreck of the Maine to make photographs, I found her in a terrible condition. Spanish divers were at work on one end, and American divers on the other. Slowly the work proceeded. Bodies were being recovered, and scenes in themselves heartbreaking and distressing were occurring every hour. This did not seem to affect the Spaniards in the least.

While the divers were busy one afternoon hoisting up a six-inch gun, one of them reported that the body of an officer was in the forward torpedo room. It was recovered a little later. The features were all but unrecognisable, but it was identified as being that of Lieutenant Jenkins. I was on the wreck when it was recovered, and was so much affected that I had not the heart to photograph it, for, as I remarked in the opening of this chapter, he was a dear friend of mine, a gallant officer, and popular with his shipmates.

One day at a cheap restaurant in the Plaza de Lux they had on their bill of fare "chicken fricassee à la Maine"—in fact, no opportunity was allowed to escape by which they could show their contempt for the intrusion of the Americans.

About this time the board of inquiry arrived at Havana; they were there to secure evidence from the divers and survivors of the wreck. I secured a very good photograph of one of the sessions of the board, consisting of Admiral Sampson, Captain Chadwick, Commander Potter, and Lieutenant-Commander Marix, with Ensign Powelson on the

Board of Inquiry in session at Havana.

Taking evidence from Ensign Powelson on the Maine disaster.

witness stand. At the request of Captain Sigsbee and the judge advocate, Adolph Marix, I made several photographs of the pieces of plates that had been torn by the force of the explosion from the forward part of the Maine. I did not know at the time I made them how important these pictures were, but when the report of the board went to Congress these photographs, which had been put in evidence, were conclusive beyond a doubt that the Maine had been wrecked from an external source, and that source a Spanish mine. It will thus be seen that my lens played a significant part in fixing the responsibility. It seems to me that the day is not far distant when those who plotted and executed this dastardly deed will be brought face to face with justice. A crime so stupendous can not remain forever unrevealed.

Father Chidwick, chaplain of the Maine, could be seen flitting hither and thither, now on the shore and now afloat, caring for the bodies recovered from the wreck, placing them in their coffins, taking notes of all marks of identification on each victim, as well as those on their clothing, so that all means pos-

sible for identification would be had. Many of the bodies were brought ashore and received an impressive burial. The Fire Department of Havana turned out and joined in the mournful procession, the reconcentrados contributed their numbers to increase the pageant, and many wreaths were brought and placed upon the biers of the victims, whose remains were taken to Colon Cemetery and laid to rest there with due naval honours and solemn religious rites. These men, although in a foreign country, repose in one of the most beautiful cemeteries in existence anywhere. Stately palms and other magnificent trees branch out with tropical luxuriance, and fill the spaces not occupied by handsome monuments. The grave of Holzer, the hero, stands out distinct and conspicuous. On this grave, which I photographed, I placed the Stars and Stripes.

Holzer was Father Chidwick's indefatigable and zealous assistant. In the explosion his hands were severely lacerated. When he was dying in the hospital, Captain Sigsbee said a few cheering words to him and held out his hand.

Chaplain Chidwick superintending the transfer of bodies to the Bach.

"I can't shake hands with you, Captain Sigsbee," he said; "my hand is not in condition, sir."

"Ah, my lad," said the captain, "you shipped in the wrong ship when you chose the Maine."

"No, sir! no, sir! it was the right ship. I have nothing to regret."

He died soon after.

At this cemetery a Cuban is employed as grave-digger and general attendant. Scarcely a day passed that this sympathetic patriot did not bring flowers of some kind wherewith to beautify the graves of our sailors.

March 4, 1898, was a day set apart by the American tourists and newspaper correspondents then in Havana as a day of decoration, to be observed as an anniversary by Americans in the Cuban capital. This, no doubt, as things have happened, will always be a memorable day.

Sunday in Havana is devoted to jollity and recreation: bullfights are carried on, and the theatres are wide open. While on the ferry-boat during one of its trips to Regla, the scene of the bullfights, the few Americans

scattered among the many Spaniards could not fail to realize the undercurrent of ill feeling. I was one of the party on a (to me) memorable Sunday bound to the bullfight with the intention of making photographs. I had applied to the management for leave. The manager very gladly granted permission, and told me that he would do all he could to help me in my purpose.

When the bullfight began, the goaded bull was turned loose into the ring, and I felt somewhat nervous. I have photographed almost everything from a dogfight to a funeral, but never had I been so highly strung and impatient as I was on this occasion. Knowing that I was among enemies, I tried by force of will to assure myself that I was safe.

The position I had secured was favourable in all but one particular, which was that the bull was all the time in the shade, instead of in the sun. To overcome this it would be necessary for me to get into the ring; but I was told by the manager that he was liable to a fine if a private individual entered the ring during the fight. I waited my opportunity by the low fence which encircled the

Chaplain Chidwick offering prayer at the graves of the Maine's sailors in Colon Cemetery.

ring, and, just as the matador was about to give the bull the final sword thrust, I leaped the fence, and before any one was aware of it had a splendid picture. This caught the crowd. Spaniards and Cubans, Americans and Englishmen—in fact, the entire audience —roared with laughter and gave me a hearty cheer. I was censured by the management and threatened with a heavy fine. My response was that the negative was worth it, and that if they wanted some good pictures I should be pleased to let them have them. That settled it, everything was lovely, and the game proceeded. In the judgment of experts who have taken part in these bullfights, the pictures I secured that Sunday were among the best ever made. Returning from the bullfight, I had ceased to be looked on as an enemy, and was quite a hero on the boat all the way to Havana.

That evening I had the pleasure of meeting one of Spain's greatest generals. Father Chidwick and I were invited through some Spanish friends to dine with General Arrolas at the house of Señor Gonzales, the owner

of a large tobacco warehouse. His family is among the most influential in Havana society, and it contains a charming young lady in the person of Señorita Gonzales. General Arrolas is engaged to this beautiful girl, and it was rather amusing to see the old warrior enjoying Father Chidwick's quaint stories and my own costermonger songs through the medium of this charming interpreter. It was evident from the conversation I had with the general that while he was not greatly embittered against the Americans, yet he considered it his duty to stand up for the glory of Spain. I am indebted to Señores Gonzales and Gadalia for much information concerning Cuba.

When Senator Proctor arrived in Havana to make his historic investigation of the condition of the reconcentrados, it was my privilege to accompany him. I saw all the horrors that existed in the hospitals and among the reconcentrados of which Senator Proctor gave a graphic report to Congress. I went with him to Matanzas, Pinar del Rio, and other points in the interior, and witnessed the destitution of the oppressed Cubans and some

terrible instances of sickness and starvation in the hospitals.

The regular Spanish soldiers stationed in Cuba have no sympathy for these poor creatures. They gratify their unbridled passions on the women and treat the men with barbaric cruelty. It was my unpleasant duty while visiting these places to witness unspeakable scenes of rapine committed by these armed licentious ruffians. In one little mud hut covered with palms there were living two families, each minus the male head of the household, who had either been killed in warfare or in some private way in order that the female occupants of the wretched tenement might be easier victims. I saw very young girls in a condition indicating the near approach of maternity. These poor creatures were living in absolute want from day to day, while the vile soldiers who had ruined them paid no heed to their cries for food. Let me draw the curtain on these horrors, which cried to Heaven for righteous vengeance and have been righteously avenged.

In visiting the camps, and especially the camp at Montserate, I had an opportunity to

investigate the regular soldier and his condition. Being an old national guardsman, I knew something of military tactics, and was competent to form an opinion. In approaching this camp, where we were entire strangers, we had no difficulty whatever in entering. When I wanted to make a picture of one of the sentries charging and challenging an intruder, I had to take the piece from him and show him how to do it. Just fancy a man wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam allowing any one to take his rifle from him while on his post!

These soldiers are ignorant beyond conception. They are of frail and puny physique, induced by insufficient rations, and the mortality among them is large. Some of them had nearly a year's pay due them. Dirty, unkempt, and ragged, they were a disgrace to a so-called civilized nation. They were simply eking out a miserable existence. This I found to be the rule wherever I went.

Returning to Havana from Matanzas, a distance of about sixty miles, by means of the one-horse railroad running between there and Havana, an extra car was put on for the

A narrow escape.

The final thrust.

special armed guard accompanying the train. This guard is composed of a company of Spanish regulars. It is not often that they have a chance to distinguish themselves—more's the pity, for there would be fewer of them! They are thorough cowards, to say the least. On the night when we came in, at a point on the road eighteen miles from Havana, we were suddenly fired upon by a band of insurgents. It was amusing to see these Spanish soldiers drop to the bottom of the car and never return a shot, although the car was protected with sheet-iron casing, supposed to be bullet proof, and there were loopholes through which they could fire. The passengers in the train were quite excited, but it was not until one Englishman, a little more inquisitive than the others, exposed himself to see what was going on, and found himself wounded, that we realized our danger. No protection at all did we get from these brave soldiers of proud Spain, who cowered and grovelled on the floor of the car.

At this time the town of Matanzas could have been taken by five hundred of our New York volunteers without any trouble, while

any single regiment, with the help of a couple of good second-rate cruisers, could just as easily have routed Blanco from Havana. I make this statement advisedly, and will abide by it.

The guard mount and parade in front of the Hotel Pasaje every morning were spectacles worthy of opera bouffe. The raw recruits recently arrived from Spain were turned out in this guard, and I thus had a capital opportunity to examine them. They were lean, hungry, and footsore, and they marched with no military precision. They were not put through any tactics whatever, but simply mustered, while the band played martial music and Spanish fandangoes, all of the soldiers smoking foul-smelling licorice cigarettes, whiling away an hour or two, and imagining that it was glory. After this they marched in front of the palace and went on their tour of duty, which consisted in entering the many warehouses along the streets and loafing on boxes or anything else convenient for the remainder of the twenty-four hours.

During my stay in Havana I made many

Among the reconcentrados in the interior.

photographs under difficult and trying circumstances, at one time ashore, surrounded by a crowd of scoffing Spaniards, at another on the water, perched in the fighting top of the Maine, cheered by the boys of Uncle Sam's navy. Making photographs in a tropical climate is trying indeed. I found the heat and other difficulties great bars to successful achievement. In the early hours of the morning the light is beautiful, all one could wish for, but when it comes to dark-room work obstacles in plenty confront you. A good supply of ice is absolutely necessary, provided you wish to have some film remaining on your plates after development. But, in spite of all climatic impediments, the effects which can be obtained in the picturesque purlieus and unclean streets of Havana are varied and interesting. The types of character, from the mule driver to the lady in white, become more fascinating the longer one remains among them.

It was quite a relief to visit the office of the American consul general, there to meet his smiling countenance and jovial salutation: "How do you do, captain? What can I do

for you to-day?" General Fitzhugh Lee was always ready with some information that was newsy, bright, or important.

The custom-house officials were ever on the alert for something to turn up. I shall long remember my departure from Havana. During my stay there reports reached us from time to time concerning the critical state of the relations between the United States and Spain. The officials were becoming more and more alert daily; spies of every description loomed up in unexpected quarters. The mob grew still more prodigal of their insults.

I observed one day that I was being watched with more than usual care and attention, and was told that I was suspected of having made photographs of the fortifications and other points of stategic importance to the United States Government. When the report of the board of inquiry was ready, and it was settled beyond a doubt that it was impossible to raise the wreck of the Maine, I decided that my mission, so far as Havana was concerned, was ended. I realized that war between the two countries was inevitable, and so prepared for an early departure.

The same box and the same cases in which I brought in my photographic material did service for the homeward journey.

When all my baggage was ready to be put aboard the steamer, I went to the custom house, through which everything coming in and going out must pass, and was told that I must unpack my cases so that their contents could be examined. This would have been disastrous for me, for had I not taken photographs of all the forts and fortifications that were in and around Havana and Matanzas? I had everything that would be of value to an invading force. However, I soon found a way out of this difficulty. I knew that the custom-house officers at Havana were behind in their salaries for some months, and thought it possible to secure a complaisant grandee willing to salve his conscience with the ointment used by Shakespeare's apothecary. Doubtless to his father confessor he mumbled something about his poverty and not his will consenting, provided always that his better nature had not been stifled into insensibility by custom. After anointing this official's palm, my load of goods moved off

with magical promptitude. My effects were then transported to the Yucatan.

Once on board that stout steamer, I thought myself safe; but, to my disgust, within half an hour of sailing time a custom-house officer, accompanied by a policeman, boarded the vessel and demanded that my effects—plates, cameras, and all—be taken back to the custom house. I remonstrated, urging that my baggage and effects had already been examined and passed by one customs officer. All expostulation was of no avail. The captain of the Yucatan said that I should have to comply with their orders, so back I went, sad at heart, not knowing what the end might be. Arrived at the wharf, we were met by a pompous personage, who demanded my reason for taking my effects on board the Yucatan before he had examined them. I told him they had been passed by one of his officers (this officer was then nowhere to be seen), and as I had no time to lose, the vessel being on the point of sailing, I tried the same stratagem on this official that I had practised on the other. This was just what he wanted. After his "palm had been greased," he be-

Making photographs from the fighting top of the Maine.

came as urbane as only a Spaniard can. Fearing there might be others of equal rapacity, I hurried back on board ship with my effects untouched. When I got them on deck, the Yucatan weighed anchor and steamed out of the bay.

In passing the Viscaya and Oquendo, both of which were swinging leisurely in the dirty waters of Havana harbour, I took from my pocket the same little flag that I had waved so proudly on the arrival of the Montgomery, and flaunted it in full sight of the officers and men on the quarter-decks of these two magnificent vessels, and said to myself, " I hope some day to see you in as bad a predicament as we now see the Maine! "

My hope has been more than realized, for not only did I see these two vessels, but also the remainder of Cervera's proud fleet destroyed off Santiago on July 3d by the American war ships under command of Admiral Sampson.

CHAPTER II.

SOLDIERS IN CAMP.

Scenes at Hempstead—Effects of red tape—Drilling volunteers—Unsanitary conditions in camps North and South—Red tape and transportation.

My trip from Havana on the Yucatan was without incident. We had with us a great many Cuban families who were fleeing from Havana, anticipating troubles to come. When we arrived at quarantine, in New York harbour, we were placed under the restrictions of the five-day rule, and had to report to the board of health to get our release. During all this time things were growing warmer and warmer down South. Reports were freely and frequently circulated that General Lee had been assassinated, and that in disturbances created by the mob element among the Spanish volunteers American residents had suffered.

I have already described the unruly ele-

Camp Black, Hempstead, Long Island.

ment of the Spanish volunteers, and shown their hostility to the United States. Had they revenged themselves on General Lee, I should not have been surprised in the least. Those capable of blowing up the Maine would think nothing of killing a consul. As a matter of fact, the general's life was in constant peril as long as he remained in Havana. His friends were disturbed in their minds until he had orders to quit. When General Lee and his party left Havana, a great many Americans and Cubans took their departure with him. Soon after this war was declared.

In the meantime Uncle Sam had been making ready to meet the Spaniards. Camps were being established all over the country —at Hempstead, Long Island, Peekskill, Chickamauga, Tampa, Washington, Key West, and other places. The call by the President for volunteers was answered with remarkable alacrity. Our young patriots responded nobly. It was their first opportunity to show the stuff they were made of, and right good stuff it was.

The first camp I visited was Camp Black,

at Hempstead, Long Island. Here the volunteer regiments of New York State were being assembled preparatory to being shipped to the seat of war. This is where the Seventy-first, that gallant regiment, was first sent. Company H was sent down to organize the camp and put it into some kind of condition. They worked with the same might and will which they showed at San Juan, and before they were there long they had a white-capped city of large and splendid proportions ready to receive the volunteers. Their troubles, however, had not yet commenced.

Soon after their arrival the terrible wet weather set in, equal in intensity to the Cuban rainy season. Rainstorms and high winds deluged and blew down tents as fast as they were put up. Night after night men were compelled to sleep on the wet ground in pools of water. This was but the first instance of criminal inefficiency so prolific of mournful results later on in the campaign. Cots were at a premium, and straw —even straw so cheap and so plentiful everywhere—could not be had. The cause

I know not. What I know is that men slept or tried to sleep all the time they were in that camp with nothing in the way of bedding between them and the wet earth but their overcoats. Fever of the light malarial kind soon made itself manifest. Young men accustomed to the luxuries or comforts of life for the first time in their existence were confronted with actual hardships, the most harmful of which was sleeping in mud puddles. They were ready and willing to make any sacrifices demanded by their country, and I was much impressed by their cheerful spirit, which rose exultant over all minor depressing circumstances. At this early stage of the campaign these generous souls were victims of departmental red tape and carpet-bagging corruption which were a disgrace to the Empire State. Our official incompetence has been duly exploited in our leading daily newspapers, not being one whit exaggerated, and the grim results now rankle in our hearts. Is the game worth the candle? Will this fearful lesson of inefficiency, unparalleled since the Crimean War, teach the nation to do better in future? Will our

young men, with the experience of the Cuban campaign so fresh in their minds, respond with the same cheerful alacrity to a new call for volunteers as did their brethren to the patriotic missive of President McKinley? Let us hope they will.

Among the regiments at Camp Black were the Seventy-first, Fourteenth, Forty-seventh, Sixty-ninth, a provisional regiment, and cavalry troops A and C, which in all represented, I should estimate, a total of five thousand men, all at this time under the command of General Roe. It must be remembered that these young and willing citizens had been taken from comfortable homes to face inevitable hardships and perhaps death. The paltry sum received from the Government for their service was certainly no inducement. In the various callings of civil life the emoluments are far larger, while the army ration had no attraction to the man accustomed to a square meal once a day. Men were detailed from the different companies in camp to aid in the preparation of the food at the quartermaster's department. During their stay in camp the food was of

Peeling potatoes.

a fair quality—corned beef and cabbage, fresh beef several times a week, with good fresh bread and plenty of potatoes—plain food, but wholesome, suitable for men in robust health. But even thus early in the campaign the sick suffered cruel privations, while those in good health endured much discomfort from the lack of necessary clothing.

In the first place, no man should have been called upon to suffer the hardships of camp life during the detestably wet weather which prevailed all the time they were there. This is especially true with regard to New York city, which is the proud possessor of so many costly armories—more than sufficient to accommodate all the regiments which were actually to serve as New York's quota. In these armories the men could have been in touch with their homes, and could have been better prepared for work in the field than at an obscure point on the line of the most decrepit of modern railroads. Take, for instance, the Forty-seventh Regiment of Brooklyn. This regiment was hauled off to the plains of Hempstead before its rolls were complete. There they waited in weeks of

wet weather before they had their ranks filled out, all the time suffering unaccustomed hardships.

Why could not the authorities have withdrawn these men from the camp in Hempstead, and thereby rectified the error of judgment which sent them there, particularly when the movement would have been attended with less expense, and drills could have been had in the armories which the weather prevented at Hempstead? It is significant that regiments leaving this camp were sent away with half the men having no uniforms or supplies.

Hempstead Plains was an ideal location for a camp, being on sandy soil, which absorbs the rain freely. Many of our society leaders who went to serve their country with the Rough Riders have hunted over this ground, and otherwise used it in exciting sports. This piece of country was now converted into a white city, and in decent weather with proper management it would have proved as good a spot for a camp as the world could afford.

After arrival in camp, the raw recruit was

Breaking in raw recruits at Camp Black.

put through the A B C of military tactics. First of all, he was placed in the awkward squad, where a corporal took him in hand and showed him the distinction between right and left and front and rear. There he was taught the rudiments of soldier life. After undergoing this preliminary licking into shape, he was placed in his company and provided with a rifle and his uniform, if obtainable. It is difficult, as a rule, for the average man to come down to the hard discipline of camp life.

The camp at Hempstead was conducted on a war basis. This was capital work for the men, as it taught them what they would have to encounter in actual warfare. In walking down the company streets, you met the strong and robust fellow, the idol of his company, with stripes on his arm, won by hard work. Next to him you fell in with one not less enthusiastic, but less vigorous—a slender, pale-faced young man perhaps from an office. These types, so different, did equally gallant work for Uncle Sam. The lithe and the wiry often came through the campaign unscathed, while his " bunkie "

with the robust physique succumbed to disease. The lithe and wiry may be classified as Woodbury Kane, the gentleman cross-country rider and polo player, Larned and Wrenn, the tennis experts and polo men. Sergeant Goff and Private Cheevers, of the Seventy-first, were instances in the contrary direction.

Among the regiments of our National Guard were some of the finest marksmen that ever held a piece. They distinguished themselves as sharpshooters in the lines before Santiago. They were worthy of the splendid records made in their armories and at Creedmoor. Among my many friends who succumbed to the gross and criminal incompetence which characterized the conduct of this campaign was one especially dear to me. He was in the National Guard with me. We were in different regiments, but each thought his regiment the best. We met on the rifle range at Creedmoor, where we first smelt Uncle Sam's powder and indulged in wholesome rivalry, developing our manhood, thanks to the untiring efforts of General Wingate. This fellow-soldier was known all over the United States—in fact, all over the world. He

Larned, the polo player, one of the Rough Riders.

Sergeant Goff, died at Camp Wikoff.

excelled in different branches of amateur athletics, winding up as all-round champion of the United States. It was a pleasure to gaze upon this man, practically faultless in physique. He could have posed as a model for statuesque strength. His enthusiasm for athletics was second only to his zeal as a citizen soldier. His ambition led to his speedy advancement. He rose from private to corporal, from corporal to sergeant, and when the call came for volunteers to go to the front, his regiment not being one of those selected by the Governor of New York to make up the quota on the first summons to arms, he enlisted in the Seventy-first, which formed part of the Fifth Army Corps, and invaded Cuba.

His ambition was gratified. Soon after joining, he was promoted to sergeant. He was a great helper and encourager of the men in his company. While some of his weaker comrades dropped out on the wayside on the voyage to Cuba, Sergeant E. W. Goff (for I refer to him) held his own on the right of the company, and was one of the first to gain the heights of San Juan

and enter the blockhouse. Later on he succumbed to the germs of disease induced from sleeping on the wet ground at Camp Black, fostered on the way to Cuba, made more deadly by the commissariat incapacity at San Juan, and rendered fatal on the transport which conveyed him home. Five dollars spent on "medical comforts" aboard ship would have saved this valuable life.

The general routine at Camp Black was severe and monotonous. The volunteer was called soon after five in the morning, when hot coffee was served. General assembly was sounded and roll call was had, after which policing and general cleaning up of the camp followed. Breakfast succeeded at eight o'clock. At Camp Black this meal was luxurious when contrasted with what the boys had to tackle a few weeks later. Then came guard mount. Battalion drill followed company drill. In the afternoon the manual of small arms and firing was carried on. Expert marksmen, who had qualified at the ranges in the armories and Creedmoor, were detailed to instruct the raw recruits. After hard work all day, it was cruel to make these

Bob Wrenn, tennis champion, one of the Rough Riders.

men sleep on the wet ground, without even a layer of straw between them and Mother Earth. Malaria and rheumatism were the inevitable consequences of this gross mismanagement.

From my own experience at Camp Black, I am able to say conscientiously that the discipline was not only stern but severe. I have been informed that Spanish officers were within our lines at Mobile, Key West, and other camps. Had they been subjected to the same stringent rules that I was, they would have learned nothing. No matter where I went with my camera, I was stopped and hauled up when it really seemed as though there was no occasion. The corporal of the guard was often hailed when it was found I had not the necessary permit to pass me within and without the picket lines, and I was unceremoniously hauled up to headquarters. It is only just to say that I was always let go after explaining my errand.

Scientific sanitarians in general have a lot to learn, especially with regard to the necessary sinks and other refuse receptacles,

in respect to their position and proximity to the commissary department. Trenches are dug in the ground, three or four feet deep, not more than one hundred yards from the termination of the company street, where the cooking for the men is done. If the wind blows from the right direction, the odour is almost unbearable. In actual warfare in a hostile country these trenches and their consequent nuisances are unavoidable, but in permanent camps in our own country a new system of sanitation is necessary. The system adopted at the State camp at Peekskill, N. Y., might be followed. There the refuse of the camp is deposited in iron receptacles, and, after proper disinfection, is removed to distant points. The men in Camp Black were drilled in and round these sinks, inhaling at all times this foul air, while the water they drank and which was used by the cooks was in close proximity to the aforesaid trenches and sinks.

Through it all these men steadily stuck to their guns, and, when ordered to move to a more southern point, they responded with that life and dash so characteristic of

Guard on outpost duty, Camp Black.

our volunteer regiments. They were ordered south to Chickamauga, Key West, and Tampa, to be at hand and in readiness when the time came to invade Cuba. The concentration of our forces at Chickamauga was thought to be a grand conception. Here, it was argued, our men would become accustomed to the heat which they would later encounter in tropical Cuba. Theoretically, it was correct. Practically, it failed.

The departure of the regiments from the city of New York was made pathetic by the wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of the men. The scenes at the railroad station at Long Island City were distressing. Here is where departmental inefficiency in the matter of transportation was first made manifest. The men then got a first taste of the sufferings they had to endure later on. When trains bearing troops arrived at the Long Island City station, there were no boats waiting to transport the soldiers to Jersey City. The transportation arrangements were rotten. I can not find words sufficiently strong to express my contempt for

the quartermaster and the commissary departments of these regiments.

The troops would arrive from Camp Black at Long Island City late in the afternoon, after travelling over the dirtiest, slowest, and most inconvenient of all railroads in the country. The crudest road through the jungles of India is superior. After spending all day on this road, without conveniences of any kind, the men reached the Long Island City station in an exhausted condition. As there were no boats provided for continuing the journey, the men were hustled into the railroad yard, wagons, cattle cars, and trucks, there to await the maturing of the so-called plan of some blundering and incompetent official. It was impossible for a layman to trace to its source this criminal carelessness.

The men were kept in this railroad yard, with nothing to eat except that which was brought to them by personal friends and members of their families, or what their condition elicited from sympathizing and charitable strangers. Surely our Government, with its vast resources, might have provided for these men, and not have left them to the

Troop A drilling at Camp Black.

charity of the passerby. It is said that republics are ungrateful; is it not rather the small official in the employ of the government of a republic who brings this discredit upon the country?

Hour after hour these men had to huddle in this railroad yard, in the broiling sun, the choking atmosphere laden with smoke and cinders from the locomotives, and with no shelter whatever. Some regiments had to wait here ten or twelve hours before transportation could be had to Jersey City, a distance which an able-bodied tramp could have covered in two hours. However, this proved to be but the beginning of that official incompetence which killed more of our men than Mauser bullets in the hands of the enemy.

This delay was discouraging in the extreme. As a matter of fact, it demoralized our men. There was no possible excuse for such official blundering. There was no rush; war had not been declared; it mattered little whether a day or two passed before these troops reached the South.

The arrival of the New York volunteers

at the Southern camps, where the regulars and volunteers were intermingled, was the cause of a good and healthy feeling, for were they not brothers in arms, to go side by side and shoulder to shoulder to battle? The contrast that struck me very forcibly was the difference between the officers of the regular army and those of our volunteer regiments. Now, do not misunderstand me; I have thorough knowledge of these volunteer officers of whom I speak. I served ten years in the National Guard of the State of New York in one of its crack regiments. I know that these officers do not have the time or opportunity to thoroughly master the ways and means of conducting even mimic warfare. The West Point cadets have ample time to study and thoroughly master all the details of military life. They make of it a profession. They are paid to be shot. Our officers in the National Guard have nothing but patriotism as an emolument. They are first and last business men. Had they the military training of West Point, and the later study and practice of the regular army officers, they would perhaps make good sol-

diers. My modest recommendation is, that our volunteer regiments should be officered by the overplus from West Point for whom Uncle Sam now finds no occupation. This would be a benefit to the nation at large, and would prevent the waste of intellectual and physical manhood that goes through the inevitable sewer pipe of West Point.

In going through the camp at Chickamauga, the life of the soldier struck me as a happy one. All were comrades. They messed together in a jovial manner. The coloured soldier, always funny, seemed more particularly so amid these surroundings. He was simply aching to get at the dons. He did not forget that the Spaniards first introduced slavery on this continent.

At nighttime our coloured brethren were to be found congregated in bunches in a quiet little tent or in some unseen or unlooked-for nook making up different songs and verses which were not at all complimentary. The regimental bard was present! In all the regiments were many more or less musically inclined. Their instruments were the banjo, guitar, penny whistle, and mando-

lin, and they made the nights pleasant in more ways than one by singing our familiar songs. The one possibly most sung was that melodious ditty, "Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground."

This song, started by the melody of the negro singers, was taken up on all sides, until the glorious strain was sung from the eastern part of the camp to the western end. Each extremity took up the refrain, and as the tenor part of the "Tenting to-night" died away, and the bass came in with its magnificent and melodious recall, it seemed as though it were one great angelic chorus making music in the twilight. The flood of song affected me as I never had been affected before.

The negro soldier appealed to me in many ways. Chief of all is that happy streak in his disposition which is contagious. This he vents in large measure by singing airs, which give him scope for improvising topical songs. One of these, sung to the tune of Down in Dixie, was a favourite here with them, and they took advantage of the blank lines which they had to fill out to

After drill at Camp Black.

A decent tent in Company I Street, Forty-seventh Regiment.

disclose their sentiments toward the Spaniards.

In the general course of events matters came to a crisis. Camps were struck. Everything was taken along that was necessary, and the troops were transported to Key West, where steamships were waiting for them to embark.

Here is where General Mismanagement again showed his hand. While the head officials of the army were taking jaunting trips between Washington and Key West in palace cars and other up-to-date railway conveniences, and the board of strategy pulled an expression of owl-like wisdom over its official face, and the men were being packed into these transports as hurriedly as though a great battle were imminent within the next twenty-four hours, it had not been decided where these troops were to be sent. The troops were huddled on these iron steamships, with a tropical sun adding to their discomfort. Such suffering as this our men had not been used to. They were penned up on steamships like hogs in a cattle car, drinking warm water, eating hard-tack and greasy

pork while in plain sight of shore and within easy access of fresh provisions. They knew not whither they were to be sent. At one time a report would be in circulation that they were to be shipped to Porto Rico, only to be replaced by another in an hour to the effect that they were to be sent to Havana, when a wild rumour would come along that they were bound for Santiago.

At last, after five days of this penning up, they started, convoyed by several war ships of the navy, their destination being Santiago, glad to go anywhere rather than endure continued uncertainty and heartless detention. Despite all this ill treatment at the hands of red-tape officialdom, when the news finally came that they were to go to Santiago their spirits were not dampened nor their ardour less high, and I can truthfully say that the best and boldest men that ever took ship for an enemy's country were leaving the United States on these transports.

The quartermaster's and commissary's department, Seventy-first Regiment, Camp Black.

CHAPTER III.

OFF FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.

My work in packing my photographic and other supplies—Lessons learned in Cuba stand me in good stead—Medical stores and comforts—My shipmates and my vessel—Our stay at Jamaica, where we buy polo ponies, and take in necessary stores.

My next journey was a flying trip East, where I immediately started in to prepare myself for a hard campaign. Photographic supplies of different kinds had to be obtained in large quantities, for I was determined to make the effort of my life in this expedition. I wanted to achieve something which had never been done before.

When I arrived in New York city, I consulted with the well-known war correspondent James Creelman, who had distinguished himself in the war between China and Japan. He told me that my path would be a mighty thorny one; that while he had made a great effort in that war to obtain good photo-

graphic material, had employed the best of men, and given them every facility, they had absolutely failed from one cause or another to give him practical results.

Mr. W. R. Hearst, proprietor of the New York Journal, had engaged me for this work, and he was determined to spare nothing to obtain good photographs, so I determined to take along three different sizes of cameras. First chosen was my good and trusty instrument, my six by ten. This I imagined would be the best all-round camera to use in field operations. Being a convenient size for general work, I supplied myself with a large quantity of plates for use with it. I did not know how long the war would last, but, so as to be prepared for any emergency, I equipped myself with four gross of six-by-ten plates. I knew that a great deal of work would be done with our blockading squadron, while my part of it would be accomplished from a boat; therefore my eleven-by-fourteen camera seemed to me a good size to take along for this work, the six by ten being intended for land operations only. In close work, such as bombardments along the

Ready for company mess, Seventy-first Regiment, Camp Black.

shore, engagements could be photographed at short range with the eleven-by-fourteen instrument, and it would also include three or four vessels in a picture at a distance of from five hundred to one thousand yards. Shutters of a very rapid-acting type were, of course, necessary; therefore I took along the quickest shutters I had for each camera in duplicate. I determined also to take along my largest camera, which was a twelve by twenty. This instrument, with a long-focus lens, would give me a fair picture at twice the distance capable of being taken with my eleven by fourteen. This camera did splendid work for me during the destruction of Cervera's fleet.

Having provided myself with these different sizes of cameras and a variety of lenses of different focal lengths, it now remained to select plates with which to make the negatives and paper on which to print them, together with the necessary chemicals for developing.

My experience in Havana had taught me the necessity of a goodly supply of medical stores. Foremost among these were aro-

matic spirits of ammonia and quinine. I thought of the old adage that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, therefore I provided myself with the following articles: Acetate of lead, which in solution is good for the bites of mosquitoes and other insects; extract of witch hazel and vaseline, for use for sunburn; Sun cholera drops, for diarrhœa; and rhubarb pills, for a mild attack of bowel complaint, were among my supplies. A goodly store of talcum powder, in case of chafing in the saddle; court plaster, with a small case of surgical instruments, bottles of nux vomica and belladonna, for use in cases of extreme fevers, completed my medical stores. I also provided myself with several woollen bandages for the stomach, and, thanks to these, not a day of stomach trouble did I experience other than those incidental to the tribute I always pay to Neptune. I also provided myself with very light woollen underclothing, and good heavy, stout solid shoes and leggings, to prevent the sharp cacti and thorns from piercing my legs. A good wide-brimmed hat and light woollen shirts (sufficient for frequent changes) car-

Company H, Seventy-first Regiment, packing up.

ried me through. I also had several rubber blankets, which I used to cover my cameras and plate cases during sudden thunderstorms. These I also used as a medium between myself and the ground at night for a bed, while a plate case answered as a pillow.

Mr. Hearst had chartered the steamer Sylvia for this trip, upon which I had fitted a dark room for developing, which, though not elaborate, was convenient. The Sylvia carried a large supply of ice. As I had been down in this tropical climate of Cuba off and on for a period of three months, I knew the absolute necessity of a large quantity of this commodity for photographic purposes. I determined to be equipped for all emergencies, the thick of battle on land and among the flying shells on the water. Thus I prepared myself in every way with duplicates of almost everything for practical use. The getting together of all these necessary chemicals and photographic materials was no easy job.

On board the Sylvia I had sufficient photographic material to start an ordinary

photograph supply shop. We left New York for the seat of war, excellently equipped to report all naval and military happenings. Mr. Hearst's intention was to depict and describe to his fellow-citizens the events at the seat of war with all the vividness and accuracy possible to camera and pen.

Our party consisted of Mr. W. R. Hearst, Messrs. J. Follansbee, James Creelman, and G. Pancoast, myself, and my assistants. Among the other supplies on the Sylvia was a printing machine and the material necessary to print the first paper in Cuba after it came into the possession of the United States. We did not go direct to Santiago, but headed for and reached Kingston, Jamaica. Here we replenished our stores and provisions, and purchased several polo ponies.

Saturday afternoon in Jamaica is always a picturesque scene. It is a half holiday, the morning being devoted to marketing. The natives for miles around journey on foot to Kingston with fruits and vegetables, carried on their heads and on their donkeys, to exchange with the storekeepers for groceries. The main road leading into Kingston from

On a transport bound for Santiago.

the Crystal Spring Hotel is generally blocked for miles on Saturday afternoons. The crowd consists for the most part of native women. With their gaily coloured bandanas and their clothes of yellow and red, swinging along at an easy and graceful gait, they make a spectacle pleasing and picturesque. Now and then one saw a market woman struggling with that ingrained obstinacy ever present in the descendants of Balaam's beast of burden. A little farther on one was confronted with a brace of asses, upon which were lashed packs with a woman on top. Some of these women travel from ten to fifteen miles to Kingston with fruit, their entire stock not being worth more than six or eight English shillings (from a dollar and a half to two dollars).

The road is wide and dusty, and among the people you meet are the native soldiers, swaggering along in pairs in the middle of the road, attired in Zouave uniform, with turbans cocked jauntily on their heads in the same way they wore them through the Soudan.

I noted an incident which struck me as

On a transport bound for Santiago.

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characteristic. While we were going along this road, about two or three miles from Kingston, two planters on horseback came riding furiously and recklessly by. They were yelling and shouting for every one to clear the way. A woman and her daughter were much in doubt which way to turn to avoid them. They were run down and very severely hurt by one of the riders. Immediately loud cries came from their travelling companions, and a great commotion ensued, which resulted in the advance guard of this strange procession forming in the road so as to bar the progress of the horsemen, and a native with great dignity and ceremony arrested and marched the offender to the Kingston jail. The woman and her daughter were picked up; both were bleeding profusely.

The women in this returning procession marched along, singing and joking, happy and smoking, as though life was but a huge joke. Four or five miles outside of Kingston on this road we reached the racecourse. Here we bought some polo ponies for use during our Cuban campaign. The Crystal

Springs Hotel was our next objective point, which we found a very pleasant place to dine. After dinner we returned on board the Sylvia, where we found our live stock already delivered. Captain Clark was thus ready to heave up anchor and proceed to Santiago de Cuba on June 18th.

CHAPTER IV.

LANDING IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

Our first encounter with the American navy—Welcomed by Admiral Sampson and received by General Shafter—Interview with General Garcia, of the Cuban army—Insurgents made glad by presents of rations—Delight of our troops at landing—The Red Cross Society begins its work of mercy.

LEAVING Kingston on a beautiful Sunday morning, we passed picturesque and placid Port Royal and steamed out upon the bosom of the Caribbean Sea toward Santiago. The bosom of the Caribbean Sea at times may be a fit place to pillow a babe, but on this occasion it was no cradle. After tumbling around for ten hours, the good ship Sylvia arrived off the mouth of Santiago harbour, just outside the blockading squadron, when we were suddenly hailed and brought to by the New Orleans, from whose mast fluttered the signal, "Where are you bound for?" and before we could answer

The New Orleans.

they hoisted another signal to the breeze, "We want to board you, sir."

As we wished to make ourselves known, we had no serious objection to meeting one of the squadron guarding the once elusive but now bottled Cervera. An officer from the New Orleans put off in a whaleboat, which came alongside our vessel. The officer mounted to the deck, inquired our mission, and asked our intentions. We told him we were there to picture to the life the doings of the American fleet. This officer looked hotter than he really was, for, in the first place, he was red-headed, and great beads of perspiration were rolling down his cheeks. He was one of those typical naval men with whom one comes in contact very often at Hampton Roads. While he appeared to be a veritable devil, he was really a most genial, gentlemanly, and good-hearted fellow. He told us all that had occurred during the preceding week, and gave us a great deal of information. He added that he was glad to see us, and that no doubt we would be welcomed by the rest of the squadron. We told him that we wanted to

report to Admiral Sampson, in order that we might have our papers countersigned. He then signalled to the New Orleans, wig-wagging with his cap for the purpose, and told them the result of his boarding trip. An answer to proceed was received. Bidding us good luck, the officer got into his own boat, and, after making a good picture of the New Orleans, we proceeded to Admiral Sampson's flagship, the New York, half a mile distant.

When within hailing distance of the flagship, we told them we would like to board her. Receiving permission, Mr. Hearst, Mr. Creelman, and myself put off in the Sylvia's steam launch. Now, this steam launch was a thing of beauty, but not a joy forever while in use, for upon starting for the New York she became obstreperous, and would not respond to the coaxings of the engineer and coxswain. By and by we reached the side of the New York, and, as she was stripped for fighting, there was no elaborate gangway ladder down the side by which to reach her deck, so we had to scramble up the sea ladder.

Admiral Sampson.

Upon reaching the quarter-deck of the New York, we were met by the officer of the deck, who inquired our mission. I told him I wished to see the admiral. When my name was announced to the admiral, he came forward and bade me welcome. I had met him at Havana, where he was serving as the president of the naval court of inquiry touching the disaster to the Maine, and there he had extended to me every courtesy and facility possible, and he was glad, he said, to see me picture-taking at Santiago. After welcoming Mr. Hearst and Mr. Creelman, and having a pleasant chat, he told me he should be pleased to extend any courtesies in his power. We then returned to our ship, and, as we were now recognised by the admiral as friends, to say the least, we were given the freedom of the fleet.

We next proceeded to Siboney, where the headquarters of the New York Journal had been established, and where we stood off and on during the night. Here we spoke the Simpson, that gallantly commanded tug, from which we obtained the information that General Shafter was on board the Seguranca.

The Seguranca was No. 29 of the transport fleet, and it was difficult to find her, as the order in the blockading fleet was to display no lights at night. We wanted to find General Shafter so that we might get our papers countersigned giving us the right of uninterrupted entry and exit within the picket lines of the land forces. We had a long search for him, and were often held up by a glaring searchlight on board one of the little converted gunboats or a saucy little torpedo boat, accompanied by the hail, "Who are you?" to which we gave the response, "Steamship Sylvia, of the New York Journal." This went on for several hours, until at last we found the Seguranca in Guantanamo Bay.

On this boat General Shafter had his headquarters before he established them on shore. Nearby there hovered several of the vessels of Admiral Sampson's fleet. On the Seguranca we found General Shafter in a mood not truthfully to be described as pleasant. We learned that this frame of mind was induced by news of reverses to some of our forces under his command. It occurred to

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Michigan volunteers landing from transports at Siboney.

me that, as our forces were on shore, this ship was not the proper place for the general commanding the Fifth Army Corps. In my opinion, as I saw the general, stripped to his trousers and a light blue shirt, he seemed physically unfit for an arduous campaign. I knew that the tremendous heat and the fatigue he would have to endure would be very hard for a man built on the lines of General Shafter. I found him in the social hall as one would find a passenger on any steamboat. He might have been on shore to examine the coast for a short time, but he could not have done anything further, as he had not been there long enough. At any rate, the engagement had taken place, and, so far as I could learn, it reflected no credit on the general in command.

The conclusion I came to at the time of our first meeting—and which, on reflection, I have no reason to change—was that the important command of our invading army in a tropical country, every inch of which might be contested by active commanders accustomed to the country and immune from fever, should have been intrusted to a more phys-

ically active and energetic man. General Shafter was reticent with respect to his plans. He received us courteously, acknowledged our credentials, and gave us permission to enter the lines at any point we saw fit. We remained on board the Seguranca for a short time, and had a little informal talk with him relative to the health and spirits of his army. He expressed himself as satisfied with the men under his command, and added that he would make a very short campaign of it.

We then returned to our ship and retired for the night. Next morning we were awakened early, and we got all things in readiness and went ashore.

The village of Siboney was made the landing place of our troops from the transports and the base of supplies of the Fifth Army Corps. The beach at Siboney is rather a tricky one, so that in landing the troops those who handled the surf boats had to be very careful, because of the strong undertow. A day or two previous to our landing here one or two of the American gunboats had shelled this place and scattered the Spanish

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Massachusetts volunteers landing at Siboney.

forces then in possession. As the retreat of the Spaniards was hasty, as well as without a vestige of their "manana diplomacy," they left for the rude hands and capacious stomachs of the invaders a quantity of rum and wines, cigars and edibles. The blockhouse just in front of this beach was the first blockhouse over which Old Glory was hoisted. At this place the Engineer Corps did great and useful work in erecting a pier in short order. The troops were brought in on the transports very close to the shore, and then the men embarked in small boats and landed in the surf. It was a splendid and picturesque sight to see the many different regiments being thus landed. Among those that came ashore on this day were the Seventy-first New York, the Thirty-second and Thirty-third Michigan, volunteers from Massachusetts and Illinois, together with a large complement of regulars.

These men found this a haven of rest after the terrible experiences they had endured on the dirty transports. No sooner had they reached the beach than they doffed their uniforms and plunged into the sea. How glori-

ous this seemed to the boys! Those Cubans who had been left with our troops by General Garcia to act as guides and scouts stood along the beach and watched with amazement their comrades in arms disport themselves in the surf. It was quite a picturesque scene at which I pointed the eye of my camera. Those of our troops which monopolized the attention of the Cubans were the coloured regulars, and we have nothing of which we can rightfully be prouder than the men of the Tenth and Eleventh Cavalry, who soon afterward made themselves famous and gloriously gained the heights of El Caney. In the surf these men played all kinds of pranks and tricks. They were in the humour for doing anything from taking a hop, skip, and a jump to hauling on the painters of the surf boats as they sought a place of landing for the soldiers contained in them. They were always ready and willing to do whatever lay in their power. I made a great many pictures of the transports landing at this base of supplies for the Fifth Army Corps.

Leaving the beach and ascending a rather

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Cuban soldiers watching the United States troops bathing.

steep incline, we came to the railroad track which skirts this little village. Here hospital headquarters had been established for the typhoid and malarial patients, a class which day by day grew in numbers. Travelling along a short distance to the westward, we came upon several white tents which had been erected as headquarters of the different and numerous newspapers which were represented at the seat of war. The New York Journal had established its quarters at a cosy little Cuban dwelling.

Near by and to the right stood the house of the Red Cross Society, under the management and direction of Miss Clara Barton and Dr. Lesser. Supplies were brought to this house from the steamship State of Texas, the Red Cross Society's boat, which was then lying in the harbour of Siboney. Each day the nurses from the Red Cross steamer were landed, and they administered to the welfare of the men in this hospital at that time. Patients in a more serious condition were taken on board the Government hospital ship Olivette. The insurgent troops were coming into Siboney in large numbers, and poor,

wretched, emaciated creatures these Cuban soldiers were. In some instances they had scarcely anything in the way of attire to screen their nudity. Their outfits in most cases consisted of a few cooking utensils, a rifle, machete, and an empty stomach. It was a sight I shall never forget seeing these poor fellows flocking into Siboney. They were positively without homes, and did not know what would occur at the next moment. Their object in coming to Siboney was to see General Garcia and his staff, who arrived the following day, and took up their quarters in an odd little Cuban shanty painted blue and white, with red tiles on the roof and tropical plants growing on all sides. This house was situated but a short distance from the railroad which runs from Baiquiri to Santiago. In front of General Garcia's headquarters a part of our infantry which had just landed was quartered and encamped for the night.

Our first visit was to General Garcia's headquarters, where we went to interview the general on his long service for Cuba, and to learn, if possible, his plans for future opera-

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Cuban troops marching into Siboney.

tions. We found a very pleasant old gentleman, with a frank, open countenance, displaying the scars he had received in the many battles he had waged against his country's enemies. When he stood up on his veranda and bade us welcome, we saw a man between sixty and seventy years of age, with a physique and frame which had doubtless once been ideal in its massiveness and strength. He was clad in a pair of light brown leather boots, the inevitable blue-striped trousers, a white duck coat, and a large wide-brimmed panama hat to complete the outfit.

General Garcia greeted us in our own language, and introduced his son—a noble, frank-looking fellow—and the other members of his staff. He asked us to be seated, and talked to us of the many hardships and trials he had passed through in battling for Cuba's freedom, and informed us that he came to Siboney, at the request of General Shafter, in order to have his troops act in concert with the American forces, and to assist, wherever he could, by moving his men in harmony with our own. When he uncovered his head and wiped the beads of perspiration

from his brow, a large scar was to be seen in the centre of his forehead. This testified to the fact that he had spilt his blood in the cause of right and humanity and the liberty of his country and its people.

After talking for some time, the general instructed one of his orderlies to have coffee served, of which we all partook. Then his son brought forward a Cuban flag which had been borne through many a hard battle, and which had been punctured in many places by Spanish bullets. This the general presented to Mr. Hearst as a token of honour, esteem, and gratitude for the generous aid which Mr. Hearst had ever given to the cause of Cuba Libre. While the ceremony of presentation was informal, there yet seemed beneath it all a feeling of intense sincerity.

In handing over the flag, the old general said to Mr. Hearst: "Whether this war continues for three years, three months, or three days longer, I am willing to fight until my end shall come. Before that time does come, I trust that the hopes I have given to my people may be fulfilled." Then, as

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James Creelman. General Garcia. Colonel Garcia.

Garcia's headquarters.

he looked beyond the veranda toward our forces, he added: "With those men I can go through anything and everything. Victory must come. We are in the right, and it must be so."

The old man then waxed warm, his eyes filled with tears, and he uttered the battle cry of his forces, "Viva Cuba Libre!" This sentiment was echoed by all within hearing distance. I asked the old general if he would object to my taking a picture of him at this time, and he very pleasantly acquiesced. The picture shows him with Mr. Creelman standing by his side, his son reading a despatch which had been handed in from General Shafter with instructions to take his forces to the left wing and protect that end of the line to the best of his ability.

The Cuban soldiers were surrounding this place in large numbers. They were footsore, weary, and hungry, for they had just come in from the mountains, where they had been fighting off and on for three years, through all kinds of weather and vicissitudes of fortune. Here some of the officers and men met their wives for the first time since the begin-

ning of the long war. One could see in the faces of these Cuban soldiers a gleam of light, a look of satisfaction, a ray of hope, and a resignation to do and die as they found themselves side by side and elbow to elbow with the men of Uncle Sam's army. Some of these Cubans who could speak a few words of English told me they never felt so confident of success before in their lives. It was, in fact, as though new life had entered into them. A great change had come upon them. They found themselves buoyed up by the sight of our war ships afloat and our army on shore, with plenty of provisions to sustain the inner man in a manner more substantial than had previously been their lot at the hands of their patriotic but weak countrymen.

It was amusing to see these soldiers report to the quartermaster and commissary departments of the American army for their rations. You could see one soldier here gliding along with a rapid shuffle, a side of bacon on his head, followed by others with cases and boxes of biscuits. Canned meats and edibles of all descriptions were given to

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Cuban scouts going on outpost duty.

these half-starved soldiers. It caused a different feeling in the stomachs as well as the hearts of these men to have a good meal, and also prospects of many others to follow. Thus their welcome to the Americans was sincere and cordial, their greetings most polite.

After the Cuban forces had rested here at Siboney for a short while, they started on their march to the westward, toward Santiago. The day that General Garcia departed, while we knew his age to be nearing the three score and ten allotted to man, he strode forth with all the alertness and sprightliness with which he commenced his first fight for liberty. In passing along the many trails which led to the American outposts, it was not an infrequent happening to meet the Cuban soldiery moving along in groups of half a dozen or more, some loaded with food for their own maintenance, the others with cases of American cartridges for food for Spaniards. Their greeting of an American was always so cordial as to make him feel entirely at home with them.

It often occurred to me that I might easi-

ly be held up and committed to—the Lord knows where, through my ignorance of the distinguishing marks between the Spanish and Cuban forces. One day I started out for the outposts of the Cuban allies, whither I was being escorted by two Cuban soldiers who were not out of their teens, but who had been through the whole war. I found in the course of our conversation that, while they hoped and truly believed that our forces would be ultimately victorious, they could scarcely credit the assertion I made to them that in as many weeks as they had spent years in this war we would be occupying Santiago.

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Siboney, showing mountain climbed by the soldiers.

CHAPTER V.

WITH SHAFTER AND HIS STAFF.

I follow the general on a reconnoitering expedition in the direction of Santiago, and photograph the graves of the Rough Riders—From the summit of a lofty tree I get my first view of Santiago—A tropical storm and difficult roads make travelling arduous—Where the Rough Riders were killed.

THE morning after my arrival at Siboney I left the steamship Sylvia bright and early and landed with my cameras and plates and with my trusty man made for the interior. We tramped along through the thickets and over that never-to-be-forgotten hill which runs up so abruptly at the back of Siboney. This mountain, I should imagine, is about a mile distant from the coast, and it is very precipitous. We passed two blockhouses on the way up. Near the first was the spot where brave Captain Capron was laid to rest. This is the route the famous Rough Riders took the day they encountered the Spaniards at

the boys who were standing around, and without a moment's delay a large limb was broken off from a tree near by and placed on the shoulders of some of the men, and they placed me on the top of it. This reminded me of the pyramid building for which the British army is justly renowned. Upon this living pedestal I made the photographs of the camp. I passed along through other camps, when I encountered the military road along which all our mule and supply trains were bound to go. The roads were in a terrible condition. The mud reached to my knees as I laboured along the narrow trails, in which there was a strong nauseating odour exhaled by the broken-down cacti and other pungent-smelling tropical plants. Occasionally we came to a small stream, which always proved a welcome sight, as it afforded an opportunity to get a much needed drink.

Just before reaching Playa, where later on General Shafter established his headquarters, we came to a point which gave us a very good view of the city of Santiago. While we were pausing here for a short while, who should we see coming in the distance

but General Shafter and his staff. Evidently they were on a reconnoitering expedition. Lieutenant Miley was riding in front with General Shafter. The general was mounted on his black steed, and looked very fatigued. His tunic was unbuttoned, and he was travelling at a not very fast gait. Here is where operations commenced for me, but, confound it all! the locality was not suitable for good photographic illustration—at one moment surrounded by high trees and dense tropical growth, which threw everything in shadow; at another winding through a narrow road, which did not permit me to get the proper light. This continued off and on for several miles. The sun was pouring down with all the intensity usual in tropical climes.

The general was evidently bent upon going out as far as his forces had advanced in the direction of Santiago. I followed him for several miles, once in a while getting a "shot" at him, yet I had not obtained the picture of him and his staff which I so much wanted. I was practically wasting plates, but, fearing I would not get better chances, took what I could. Soon I saw a stream

a short distance in front of us and in the line of progress. I made a wild rush to gain this stream before the general and his staff got there. I knew the horses would want to wet their whistles, if the general and his staff did not. I gained this position before the general did, and when he arrived there, true to my intuition, there was a halt for a drink. The general allowed his horse to obtain a liberal supply, and took one himself from a friendly canteen handed to him by one of his staff. I followed him some distance farther, until he turned in to what later on became his headquarters at Playa.

It was here that I felt the effects of the heat and exertion I had just undergone. My men caught up shortly afterward, and we looked a sorry lot—wet, muddy, and bedraggled. We halted here for about an hour, as the midday sun does not give a good light by which to take photographs. We seized the opportunity to partake of a little lunch we had brought along, which consisted of sandwiches and a half dozen bottles of ginger ale. The beverage was at about boiling point when we opened it, and we were glad

to get rid of the weight of the glass, which we had been burdened with while travelling over five or six miles of this almost impassable country.

After our little lunch, we proceeded on toward El Pozo. We were making rapid progress when the indications of a thunderstorm appeared. Great rumblings of thunder and vivid flashes and streaks of lightning soon followed. Just before we arrived at the river in front of the old sugar house at El Pozo the storm burst in all its rage and fury. We halted under a large tree, covered our cameras and plates with a rubber blanket, and allowed our clothing, as we could not do otherwise, to get drenched through. The storm did not last very long, and we soon proceeded to our objective point. By this time the condition of the roads was terrible. We tramped along, however, as best we could, determined to reach the spot where we had been told we could get a fine view of Santiago. We came to a river already much swollen, and its stream rushing down in torrents from the hilltop. Through this we were obliged to wade up to our armpits,

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General Shafter and his staff.—Lieutenant Miley reading despatches.

holding our cameras and plates above our heads. When we reached the old dilapidated fort, we fell in with the outpost of the Cubans in front of San Juan. Among these we found a bright and intelligent young fellow who spoke English fluently. He told us that the Spaniards, two or three days previous to my arrival, had evacuated this fort very unceremoniously. This was the day after the battle with the Rough Riders, in which, being routed, they fell back on their main forces, about two miles in the rear.

In this old fort was a bell tower, containing a finely carved bell. Something prompted me to go up this tower and examine the bell. Once there, an impulse seized me to ring this bell, which I did, with an alarming effect, for out of hiding came every Cuban soldier for miles and miles, all wildly gesticulating. I realized almost immediately that the ringing of this bell was a preconcerted signal for assembling in mass should the enemy be seen to advance. I shall never forget the sight as long as I live. Of course, I was admonished for what I had done, but I assured them of my innocence of any evil in-

tent. No doubt the Spanish pickets within their lines heard the ringing, and wondered what was the cause. The inscription on the bell led me to believe that it was presented by some society in Barcelona, and here it was strung up in this old shanty by a rude piece of chain! I made my wants known to several Cubans who understood English, and told them I sought a place of vantage from which I could see the fortifications and as much more of Santiago as was possible.

They told me that by going a quarter of a mile to the north, up a high mountain, I could see the city plainly, but that the attempt was dangerous, as it was beyond the picket line of the Cubans, and I would be exposed to the fire of the Spanish pickets. I told them I did not care much about that, and that if they were willing to show me the way I was quite willing to go. Several of the men from the Sixteenth United States Infantry had accompanied me to this old fort, and they cordially volunteered to help me to carry my cameras and plates up this high mountain. Having reached its top, I was repaid by getting a glorious but indistinct view of Santi-

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General Shafter's headquarters at Playa.

ago, for after the heavy shower through which we had just passed the ground around was soaked with water, which the strong rays of the sun evaporated in the form of heavy mists, and prevented a good outline. At the top of this hill was a large tree, which I ascended, and, placing myself in one of its forked branches in order to get higher than the many royal palms which otherwise would obstruct the view, I took several pictures. It was a strange coincidence that on the 1st of July, when our batteries took their positions to shell the fortifications at Santiago, this place was where Grimes's battery stationed their guns and shelled the Spanish position—right under this tree where I had planted my camera and made photographs of Santiago three days previous. Whether the Spanish forces saw us or not I am unable to tell, but, if so, they reserved their ammunition for better game, and we returned to the old fort and started on our way back to Siboney.

This journey from El Pozo to Siboney, be it understood, is between nine and ten miles, and here we were starting on it at four

o'clock in the afternoon. As previously related, the roads were in a sufficiently bad condition when we started, but what could we reasonably expect in returning after that thunderstorm? It was simply stagnant swamp, mud, fetid odours, miasmatic mists, and biting insects. Our clothes were wet through and we began to get chilled, and, having no change of clothing, we had to keep on the move. This is where we found the camera and plates rather inconvenient burdens; but there was no such thing as a baggage-checking room near by, and we had to swear and lug them along. The camera never before appeared to me to have such weight; it seemed to have changed to lead. We tried the Cuban fashion of bearing burdens upon our heads. I perched the camera on my head and went along with a mind as light as the occasion would allow, and the occasion would not permit much levity in this respect. My faithful warriors trailed behind, bearing the plate cases, and we followed this so-called military road for these nine or ten dreary miles before we reached our destination at Siboney. At times the

streams we crossed would reach our shoulders; at other times our trousers showed the tide-water mark of the mud, which was worse than that yellow-dog variety which New Jerseyites know so well.

CHAPTER VI.

ART UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

In the dark room on the Sylvia—Quick work in printing—Back to Santiago again—A despatch boat's devices.

AFTER our arrival at Siboney from El Pozo, we signalled to the Sylvia for a boat to take us aboard. While waiting on the hot sand for the boat to reach the shore, and being more or less worried with insects and land crabs, we decided to utilize our time before the boat reached the wharf in taking a sea bath. While we had been in the water all day more or less, yet this had the novelty of being unmixed with mud, and, as a consequence, we enjoyed it. After we had been in the water about twenty minutes, we saw our boat nearing the landing place, so we got out and dressed as hurriedly as circumstances would permit and put off to the Sylvia. We were helped on deck in a condition more or less careworn and dejected. The

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Fort El Pozo, showing heavy dew and atmospheric effect after a rainstorm.

steward saw our condition, and gave us such cheer as lay in the power of his stores (fluid and solid), for it was not long before we were all seated at the cabin table enjoying and doing full justice to a hearty meal.

It was decided that we should put off for Port Antonio that night, so as to mail our photographs next day. This meant that we had to develop the plates that night. As I had exposed about three dozen six-by-ten plates, this was by no means a small matter, but, after we had taken care of the inner man, we proceeded to the dark room.

Now my dark room was a rather improvised affair, but at the same time it was quite convenient. We had taken the spacious second-cabin dining room of the Sylvia and fixed it up to answer the purpose of a dark room. We had darkened all the windows with red muslin, put up an electric fan, and fitted up tables and baths and made other arrangements for developing, until we had a place which would do credit to many studios in New York; but, as we had not given thought to the changed conditions brought about by the fickleness of the surface of the

Caribbean Sea, we found the work no easy matter, for no sooner had we cleared the lee afforded by the land of the island of Cuba than we encountered a nasty choppy sea. While the Sylvia was a good steady, stanch, reliable kind of an old boat, this was an occasion when we most needed a steady platform to work on, but the steamer rolled and plunged and tossed in a manner most exasperating.

I was shut up in this dark room, and the plates were rolling around in my developing tray until really I could not tell whether I had a single one or a double one, but I managed with the means at hand and the help of my able assistants to keep these plates from sliding over one another and destroying the films. But, as we had a large number to develop, it took a considerable time. However, the time was well occupied during the three hours in which I was busy in the dark room. I really think the novelty of this exercise buoyed me up more than anything else would have done, as I was thinking all the time of the difference there was between developing plates here and in my dark room

Developing negatives.

in New York city. However, just as soon as the work of development was completed, I made my way out as quickly as possible, but during my stay in there it was one of the most trying times I had experienced that far. I was glad enough to get through with the developing and out on deck, where I could throw myself on my back in a convenient hammock. This condition of mine was not reflected in my hale and hearty assistant, who had a short clay pipe stuck in his mouth, smoking with a coolness that was provoking. Seasickness has been one of my greatest tribulations in the performance of marine work, and I have anything but a pleasant time during the hours spent afloat during the yacht races, or when photographing the fleet evolutions of the White Squadron. On several such occasions I have found myself out on a small tug outside Sandy Hook, the boat wallowing and pitching, dipping her rails under water at each roll, while I have been clinging to some rope or stanchion. But the moment the cry was raised that the yacht which I was out there to photograph was in a splendid position and ready to turn

the stake, I felt like a man once more, and, camera in hand, waited for the chance of taking her when she looked prettiest. "Snap!" went the shutter, my work was accomplished, and somebody else might attend to the slide, for I had done my bit. I have gone through this operation more than fifty times on a tug in one day during the races between the Valkyrie and the Defender, so therefore it was nothing new to me on this occasion to be in the same condition.

As soon as the photographic work had been accomplished, I betook myself to a convenient place on deck for rest and awaited until we could get ashore; then, when I had planted my feet on *terra firma*, every ill feeling left me, and I was as bright as when I stepped on board. I think to my seasickness is to be credited my freedom from illness of any kind in Cuba and since my return. While in Cuba and with the forces for four or five weeks, I did not experience one day of fever nor was I otherwise affected except with slight diarrhœa. As I have previously stated, I had a goodly supply of quinine and protected myself with a stomach band, and

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St. Louis. Suwanee. Vixen.

In Siboney harbour.

whenever I could I changed my underclothing. While the rest of our party were afflicted, in some cases very severely with malarial fever and other ills, I escaped all such.

We arrived at Port Antonio early next morning, when my negatives were all dried and ready for printing. Printing in this climate and on a boat is delightful work. One does not have to choose the glaring sun of the tropics to print by, as one can take the shady side of the deck and print in beautifully diffused light. This enabled us to get off fine, clear prints. The paper and the plates which I took along acted very nicely with careful manipulation, and I can say that I did not have one case of "frilling" either with plates or paper in the whole expedition. This is remarkable. As we had a large supply of ice and other facilities on board, it was possible for us to do a large amount of work in a small space of time. That day we sent by the Boston Fruit Company's steamer the first set of prints made on this expedition.

After our stay in Port Antonio, in order

to get off the photographs and telegraphic reports, as well as to replenish our store of ice, fruit, and fresh meats, we put back again to Cuba. On the return trip the Caribbean Sea was in a more gentle mood, and permitted me to enjoy a mild degree of liberty. On this expedition we had made the ship's crew more or less a part of our party, for we were all working together for one end, and that was to do the work we had in hand in the shortest possible time and in the most thorough manner possible under the circumstances. From cabin boy to captain all were working with a will to get the most out of the ship when it was needed, and the most out of our opportunities of pleasure that could be had. Be it remembered that the work of a despatch boat is not easy in time of war, for every minute she is under way she is running at her best, so that the despatches which are sent home may not be behind any others in appearing in print in the United States. Indeed, Mr. Hearst's aim was to lead the other newspapers in this respect of furnishing the news, so when we received despatches from our correspondents

at the front they had to be taken to the nearest point at which we could get the use of a cable to the States. To that end we all worked, and worked with a will.

The night passed without any occurrence worthy of remark, and the following morning we came up with the blockading squadron off Morro Castle at Santiago.

CHAPTER VII.

BOMBARDMENT OF MORRO CASTLE.

The Sylvia in the thick of the fight—A visit to a wounded war correspondent on the Olivette.

WHEN we arrived near the blockading squadron, a happy thought struck one of the newspaper men on board who wanted to get near to the Texas. A few days previous a rival newspaper despatch boat, which had been the recipient of certain courtesies with which we had not been favoured, had been carrying minor telegrams from one point or another to the flagship, and she was in the habit of sailing in among the fleet with an air of importance, and displaying the signal, "We have despatches for the admiral." This, of course, prevented the vessels of the fleet from making her come to outside, and enabled her to get in close proximity to the flagship to deliver or make known the communications contained in the despatches.

The Texas.

Before leaving Port Antonio we had taken in a large supply of fresh fruit, including a large quantity of bananas, so it occurred to one of our very alert and original newspaper men that we should hoist the signal, "We have bananas for the Texas on board." This suggestion we acted upon, and our vessel was permitted to glide in without interference among the vessels of the squadron until we reached the Texas, which was in an excellent position. Once alongside the good ship Texas, Captain Philip hailed us with delight, accepted our little gift with many thanks, and told us that a bombardment was to take place very shortly. We thought ourselves in great luck at receiving this news, and we made outside the lines, keeping as near to the squadron as we were permitted.

The bombardment commenced about eight o'clock in the morning. The ships assumed a crescent-shaped formation, and moved toward the shore at a good rate of speed. There was the New York, the Indiana, the Texas, the Brooklyn, the New Orleans, the Massachusetts, the Iowa, the Ore-

gon, and several of the auxiliary cruisers which were close in shore. Signals were set on the flagship New York as to the course to steer and the work to be done. It was learned that on the preceding night the Vesuvius had shelled Morro Castle with two or three of her dynamite projectiles and, as we understood, had created great havoc, and it was determined to give the Morro a few more American projectiles. When within a range of about two thousand yards, the Iowa opened fire, keeping up a good speed, followed by the other ships in good order. The fire was returned from the batteries on both sides of the Morro, until everything was smothered from view in an atmosphere of sulphur-laden smoke. Shells were flying thick and fast, and how in the world those gunners could see the marks at which they were aiming is positively unknown to me.

As soon as the firing began, it was taken up with great rapidity by the Morro and other batteries on both sides of the bay. I shall never forget my first impression of one of these floating monsters of destruction in action. Circling with a speed which was re-

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The Gloucester in action.

markable considering the choppy sea, their firing was wonderful. There was a constant cloud of earth and stone work flying into the air from the fortifications on shore. The firing continued until at last the flag of Spain—that yellow and red emblem of gore and gold—was knocked to smithereens from the ramparts of Morro. A day or so previous to this bombardment Admiral Sampson had sent in, under the protection of a flag of truce, one of the officers from the flagship to ascertain the whereabouts of Lieutenant Hobson and his brave men, who on June 3d sank the Merrimac. Admiral Cervera sent word back that they had been placed in the interior of the town in a hospital which was protected from the shells that might be fired at Morro. After having learned this, Admiral Sampson decided upon doing a little destructive work upon Morro, and he then made his plans of attack. At every shot almost some object would fly into the air, which we through our glasses concluded to be either men or guns hurled from their positions.

During the bombardment the Sylvia had run along with the American fleet and kept

edging in a little closer, so that I might get some good pictures of this bombardment, until we were in the line of fire from the guns of the fleet. Shells came whistling over us in considerable numbers. We were determined to get something great on this opportune occasion. I was seated in the bow of the Sylvia with my eleven-by-fourteen camera ready to make any photographs that might be desired in case any of our vessels should get seriously injured, for it was absolutely impossible to get pictures of any consequence at this time, for we were not only blocked out by the large volumes of smoke issuing from the guns of the American ships, but it was impossible to get an image of any size of this bombardment at such long range. We were cautioned once or twice to keep out of the line of fire, but, as we were determined to stay as long as we could, we let this advice go by unheeded until ordered peremptorily by one of the American captains to get out of the way.

At one time we were in danger of being hit ourselves, for several large shells landed quite close to our boat. One shell in particu-

lar, which seemed to be an eleven-inch shell, struck the water not more than one hundred yards from our starboard quarter, ricochetted, and, passing over our ship, landed two hundred feet beyond us. It was then that we received the peremptory order to move away and get out of range at once. Mr. Hearst reluctantly ordered the captain of the Sylvia to pull out. After this we lay around for some time and watched this magnificent sight, but with no results in the way of pictorial illustration of the happenings. Had I been on one of the small converted gunboats, the Vixen or the Suwanee, which were close in shore, I no doubt would have obtained some very interesting photographs of what happened to the fortifications when the Yankee shells landed.

After this bombardment we returned to Siboney, where, after developing the plates taken, I took our launch and went to visit Mr. Edward Marshall, who had been taken on board the Olivette the previous day. Mr. Marshall is the brave correspondent of the New York Journal who was severely shot in the battle which brought fame to the Rough

Riders at Las Guasimas. As he was a personal friend of mine, and as I had narrowly missed being his companion on that occasion when he received his wound, I felt a great interest in his welfare, and went with some fruit and iced delicacies, together with a note from Mr. Creelman.

When I reached the side of the Olivette, I was invited on board and conducted to the cot occupied by Mr. Marshall. I approached with a feeling of tenderness and sympathy, as I knew the terrible ordeal through which he had passed. As soon as he saw me his face lit up with joy, and he bade me welcome. I told him I had a few small things for him, together with the note. He thanked me, and begged me to read the note to him, as it would distress him too much to move. I read the note of Mr. Creelman, and its contents in the light of later happenings seem prophetic. As near as I remember the words, Mr. Creelman's note contained the following:

"My dear Marshall: Cheer up, old man! I hear you have been trying to stop

Morro Castle, Santiago.

Photograph taken the day our flag was hoisted.

Spanish bullets, and were successful. I trust you have passed the worst, and that you may never again experience what you did in the battle with the Rough Riders at Las Guasimas. I trust you may have a speedy recovery. Keep up a good heart, and reserve the cot next to yours for me, as I may be with you before long. I am, etc."

This remark proved to be prophetic, for in the first day of the next battle Mr. Creelman was wounded very severely while entering the blockhouse at El Caney and hauling down the Spanish flag. He was carried to the Olivette and placed on the cot next Mr. Marshall's. Chums in time of peace, they occupied adjoining cots in a time of mutual distress.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMONG THE CUBAN PICKETS.

Warfare of Cubans and Spaniards—Our men surprised while bathing—A battle in undress—We repulse the attack—Disguises and ambushes.

AFTER shelling the shore batteries and the blockhouses at Guantanamo, the navy sent a landing party ashore from the ships. These men were landed in quite an unknown region. Just behind the high ridge of mountains which skirted the shore portions of the Spanish forces were encountered. During the shelling of Guantanamo the Spaniards fell back and concentrated their forces at a point not far removed from the landing place.

The method of warfare with which our soldiers were here opposed was quite novel and very destructive. The Spanish soldiers —and the Cubans, too—practise the same means of deception. They cover themselves with large palm leaves or other dense foliage,

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A scout hiding under palm leaves.

and in many instances they tie large portions of the high grass around their bodies so as to prevent detection. By this means they effectually disguise themselves, and by stealthy crouching come into close quarters with the enemy before detection. While the palm trees offer no protection, they take all they can from other trees, such as the mango and others of a low bushy habit. They hide themselves in the branches and obtain an elevated view, from which it is easy for them to get a range of a mile or a mile and a half.

It must be understood—and it is a fact not appreciated by most Americans—that the trials of our forces in this campaign were not few. It was not like the war of 1861, where open fields and large plains of practically flat country were the battle grounds of the contending armies. In Cuba, warfare was on different lines, for there the fighting was conducted in a rolling country, at times swampy, and covered with tropical jungles. At one time the men would be fighting on the side of a mountain, and the following day they would be contending in the valley below, so that it can be seen that the advantage of

open fighting was not had by our men in this Cuban campaign.

Many of our soldiers were killed for want of knowledge of the ordinary jungle tactics of the Spaniards. As soon as our troops had established themselves and become acquainted with the Cuban forces, they were informed as to the mode of warfare to be expected when they reached the Spaniards. One might be taking a comfortable stroll, and thinking of anything but the nearness of the enemy, when suddenly there would be a crack of a rifle, and a "ping" in the air made one aware that somebody was trying to touch him. This often occurred, and in some instances he would find himself confronted by a long range of skirmishers. The advantage the enemy had with their smokeless powder and their training in this guerilla-like warfare placed odds on their side. One could not possibly get the vaunted soldiery of Spain to come out into the open. They concealed themselves behind large rocks and the roots of trees, and in other ways sought to hide, until it was almost impossible to detect them until one was upon them.

Guantanamo Bay, Camp McCalla in distance.

It was at Guantanamo, on a beautiful afternoon after our men had been suddenly surprised while taking a pleasant bath in the sea, that they were called upon to defend their lives against an attacking force of Spaniards. They fought without uniforms or anything to protect them from the rays of the sun, simply coming out of the water, grabbing their rifles and cartridge belts, and going into the fray in undress uniform such as had never been worn by civilized troops in any other engagement. They repulsed the enemy, with heavy loss on both sides.

After this skirmish was over our men were sent out the following day to find and bring to camp the bodies of any of our soldiers that were killed, in order that they might have the benefit of burial. After considerable search, they found the bodies of the marines who were killed in this action, and, despite all reports to the contrary from officials of the army and navy, I have reason to believe that these bodies had been mutilated.

When the dead had been gathered in and prepared for interment, Chaplain Jones was

called upon to officiate. When the service was almost completed, the burial party were suddenly fired upon by the Spanish pickets. The bullets were whistling loud and flying thick, and the squad of men detailed to pay the last honours to the remains of these heroes were compelled to turn from this office of love to defend themselves from the enemy's attack. Our men at first had to retreat toward the shore, in order to gain a protected position. Firing followed from one or two of our boats in Guantanamo Bay, which shelled the Spaniards out from their places of hiding.

In marching from Guantanamo to Siboney, our troops became thoroughly acquainted with the character of the country in which they had to do their fighting. The Cuban pickets and scouts who accompanied our forces gave our men much valuable information. They explained to them the unwritten tactics of guerilla warfare as carried on by the Spaniards and Cubans. It is hard to say which is the more expert at this type of fighting. In travelling through this wild country one came upon a thicket or a clump of trees,

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A typical Cuban soldiers' tent.

and saw secreted therein, so as to be scarcely discernible, two posts driven into the ground and covered over by a piece of canvas, or in some instances roofed over by branches and covered with palm leaves. These served as tents, and had the advantage when a movement to advance or retreat was to be made of not being burdensome to transport, as they were not removed, being easily obtainable at any stage of the journey.

In some instances one suddenly came to a stream of water running through some valley between high mountains, and in the banks on each side of the stream one saw large holes or caves which had been dug there. These proved to be very cool, and hence desirable retreats and hiding places for the Spanish soldiery. For miles one travelled without the sign of a bird, without sight of any living creature except the detestable land crabs. The soil is very sandy and easy to dig, and holes are numerous along the roads. In travelling in the dark one often stumbled, and startled thereby a number of land crabs, which at once ran off through the brush, making the same kind of noise as

a guerilla fighter would. You felt at first as though one of these was about to confront you with a drawn machete or point a rifle at you, and were agreeably surprised to find that it was only one of those noisome crabs.

There is a certain type of bird to be found in the country here which makes a cooing noise not unlike that of a turtle dove. The Spaniards have become so adept in imitating the call of these birds that it is impossible to note the difference. The blockhouses established all through this mountainous country are all in sight of each other for miles around, and these men have established a code of signals based upon the calls of the birds to which I have referred, and by means of these signals they can communicate without exposure of their persons or detection. This method of communication was used by the Spanish pickets when the Rough Riders were making their approach toward Las Guasimas on June 24th. They had also been quite busily engaged all over that part of the country from Siboney to Santiago in establishing strong and heavy barb-wire fences. These fences were a great aid to

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First blockhouse at Siboney, where the American flag was hoisted.

them and an impediment to our troops in many instances.

In travelling along a road or a trail, as we might call it, possibly fifteen feet wide, the banks of the road would rise some three or four feet, when they would be topped off with this barb-wire fencing. It practically ran all over, in and around this country.

The blockhouses of which I have spoken are great institutions of their kind. I first became acquainted with these in my trip through the province of Matanzas. They are erected in square form of railroad ties or timbers, leaving a space between the timbers for pointing rifles, the space being filled in with rocks and other waste material, which makes them practically bullet proof. In front and around these blockhouses several lines of intrenchments and barb-wire fences are erected, which make it very hard for troops to take them by charge or assault, and the only manner by which they can be quickly demolished is by heavy field artillery.

This is the branch of the service which played an important part during the campaign. Wherever a house or other shelter is

found sufficient to conceal fifty or one hundred men, they make it their headquarters, and they have a peculiar way of slinging hammocks which would have been a salvation for some of our troops if they had done likewise. The men go on picket duty twice daily. There is no ceremony worth considering, and it seemed to me it was a matter of choice among them as to who should go and who should not. Fathers and sons I found together in the Cuban army. The sons in some instances had but reached the middle of their teens, but they were equally expert in the use of the machete and rifle as their male parent.

These people have become quite expert in disguising themselves. Take, for instance, this case: A couple of men will be out on picket duty, and you will come along and see in the distance the dusky stump of an old rotten tree which has succumbed to the storms and winds of this land of hurricanes. When you approach close and examine the place, it will be found to contain two or three of these pickets. What little clothing they have on is of a dirty slate colour, and it is

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Cuban scouts concealed behind stumps of trees.

hard to find a Cuban who will admit that he has ever washed himself. They travel without shoes of any kind, and they so closely resemble the bark of a royal palm or the stump of an old dead tree in colour that it is impossible to recognise a native unless you are very close to him.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MULE IN THE CAMPAIGN.

Pack trains and their drivers—Transporting stores and ammunition—The mule confirms his reputation for wisdom.

AMONG the most interesting and picturesque scenes that met my eyes were the mule pack trains organized to carry munitions and provisions for the Fifth Army Corps. I scarcely think the mule has been recognised and given due credit for the excellent service it has rendered in this class of work. The mule is a very intelligent animal when properly handled. Regular mule packers were engaged to take charge of them, and they were sent to Santiago for this purpose. They came from the wild and woolly West, and were whole-souled, jolly, and also adept swearers. The feature which these men most glory in is their capacity for cursing, and it seems as though the mules understand every blessed word they say.

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Pack-mule train on the march.

Their sonorous "Whoopla!" and shrill whistle bring the mule to time in every instance. These men are mounted on strong broncho ponies, with ropes dangling around them in the fashion most affected by the cowboy. A large black snake whip, which they use with great dexterity, completes their outfit. They go along, whooping and yelling, in a manner that is at once pleasing and picturesque.

With a train composed of fifty mules there will be perhaps six or eight of these cowboys as packers. The front or leading mule is provided with a bell similar in appearance and volume of tone to that hung round the neck of the old cow in the meadow. The other mules follow in single file behind this leader, and you can not break them up. It is amusing in travelling with one of these mule trains to watch the course the mules pursue. While one mule will elect to travel the soft, mushy, watery part of the road, the one following will turn directly out of this path and look for a dry foothold. It is seldom that these mules stumble or fall, even though their load of ammunition is weighty. They go along at a good pace,

travelling at the rate of five to eight miles an hour.

It is amusing to see them when they come to a stream of water. They all make a break and get tangled up, and yet as soon as the packer gives his war whoop off goes the mule with the bell, and the others follow in Indian file and soldierly precision. Once in a while some foxy old mule sees a bit of particularly green and tempting grass just out of the path, and starts out to get a good bunch of it, when along comes Bill with his snake whip and a yell of "What you doin' thar, mule?" and off goes the mule, for he knows that to linger is to tempt a touching up from the tip of Bill's snake whip.

The weather at the time these mule trains were carrying ammunition to the front was very hot. On one occasion a mule train was travelling between Siboney and Playa. When a mile or two out from Siboney they came to a deep gulch, with a very bad break in the road. This was the second trip of this particular mule train that day, and while crossing this muddy stream one of the mules slipped and completely collapsed under his

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Pack mule overcome by the heat while taking ammunition to the front.

load. He fell, and refused to budge. Immediately the packers jumped off their ponies and had hold of him by the headline and halter tied around his neck, and in less time than it takes to talk about it they had the pack off the mule and the beast on his feet again and repacked. The mule shook himself, and no doubt comforted himself with the reflection that he had had a bath at any rate, and he wagged his ear knowingly as he resumed his march.

Bill Hill, a renowned packer, who had been in the business while the colonel of his regiment was in swaddling clothes, is a typical old mule packer. He it was who showed me the intricacies and the details to be gone through in making a perfect pack. It matters not whether it is a case of hard-tack, half a dozen sides of bacon, several cases of ammunition, or a big coil of telegraph wire, with a few bags of oats thrown in, when Bill gets through with it you will see as neat a pack as could be made in a dry-goods store in the great city of New York.

During the first night of the first day's battle at San Juan rumour had it that our

men were getting short of ammunition. I had left San Juan behind me about two miles, and when I came to the San Juan River, near the old sugar house, I heard loud whooping and yelling and the cracking of whips and the sound of a bell, and I knew it meant a mule pack train. Little did I expect to see the sight which I saw a little farther on when I arrived at this river. Two or three packers were riding along the road in front of the train at full gallop, warning everybody in sight to clear the road. Pretty soon through this stream, which was now coming down in a rushing torrent, the mules dashed without a halt or stop. It seemed that they knew that their errand was important. There were about one hundred mules in this train, all frothing and foaming from the extra exertion demanded of them, and they were making their way to the front with all possible speed, bearing a load of leaden pills to be administered to the bilious dons in quantity sufficient to check their resistance. They went along this rough and difficult road, which had become almost impassable from the cuts and ruts made by the artillery and

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Bill Hill's pack-mule train ready to move.

commissary wagons and the hospital ambulances which had traversed it so frequently during this first day's fighting.

A short distance along this river there were several ambulances coming in with the wounded from the front. As the road was narrow, and there was scarcely room for one wagon to go along, it seemed that when the mule train reached them there must certainly be a catastrophe. But with the sense of human beings the mules mounted the steep sides of the road and one after another passed the ambulances without so much as touching them. These animals seemed possessed of marvellous judgment and intelligence.

CHAPTER X.

IN CAMP WITH THE SOLDIERS.

Incidents during the advance on Santiago—Hard-tack sandwiches and cartridge pudding—Foraging for cocoanuts and mangoes—Evening amusements—The difficulties of letter writing.

AFTER the landing of the troops at several points from Santiago to Guantanamo they were hurriedly massed in the interior on their way to Santiago. The camps of the different regiments were established on good high ground wherever it could be found. It was also arranged that these camps should be in close proximity to a river or stream which would provide good drinking water. The ground on which our men camped had been lately occupied by the Spanish forces, so they were rather particular. The water was first tested and found to be free from any harmful ingredients introduced by the hands of the enemy. Some of the regiments which were the first to land had been instructed by the

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A camp at Las Guasimas.

Cubans in their method of tenting, and nearly all preferred the Cuban plan to the army regulation tents. The soldiers found that by placing fresh leaves on their tents each night they could keep much cooler.

It was amusing to see the men cooking their own pork and soaking their hard-tack in coffee. Each mess would have a man to do the different parts of the cooking. While one would be preparing a hard-tack sandwich, another would be fetching water, while a third would be grinding his coffee beans between two stones, and so it went on. They were just as happy as though they were eating in some fine restaurant in New York. You would find the men jollying one another along in many ways. One man would ask another if he would have a hard-tack sandwich, and the other would answer: "Why, certainly, Bill; I will let you have some cartridge pudding in return." "Chang" pie was quite a joke among the boys. When asked for its receipt you were told that it was made of cocoa-nut shells stuffed with soldiers' buttons.

Quite a favourite dish, and one which of

necessity was eaten at almost every meal, was made by frying bacon in a pan, and then dipping the hard-tack in the gravy. Canned meats were to be had very seldom, as the commissary department had been culpably inefficient in forwarding the provisions to the troops at the front. Whenever a wagon of provisions appeared along the road or in the camp each company made for it and claimed it as theirs, only to find themselves put off until proper requisitions had been made out for its distribution. The delay in many such instances was very annoying.

At nighttime the men in camp would while away the hours in telling stories, singing songs, brightening up accoutrements, and preparing for the unexpected. One would stroll from a camp possibly a mile or two, and would always encounter a party returning with green cocoanuts or a big bandana filled with mangoes. The men were forbidden to eat these mangoes, as it was feared they might operate harmfully on them, and yet no opportunity for getting them was allowed to pass by. The young limes found on frequent trees were a great solace to the thirsty soldier.

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Cavalrymen preparing an early breakfast.

The captains of the different companies while in camp took advantage of the leisure time in instructing the men as to what was expected of them. They advised them on many subjects, and the men listened with the eagerness of children; and when all the talk was over, the question would be, "Say, cap, how soon can we expect it?" The captain would answer, "Maybe by to-morrow."

The boys were all anxious for the morrow to come, as they were eager to meet the Spanish whom they had travelled many miles to face. The general feeling among the men in these several camps was one of anxious expectation. You would find them, singly and in groups, writing letters which would be considered curios in a dime museum from the ingenuity displayed in hitting upon some material on which to write their thoughts and consign the same to the tender mercies of the post-office department for transmission to their friends at home. In some cases where a mother had given her son a box of quinine pills to stave off the fever the box was emptied and on the surface was scribbled a few words of encouragement to mother, or

wife, or sister, or brother, or other relative, or possibly plain old Jack, or Bill, or Tom, the chum left behind. Others pressed into service brown paper which had been used as wrapping for a parcel of hard-tack, and as envelopes were not to be had, the sheets of paper were sewn together with a piece of thread or fastened together with a safety pin. A post office had been established at Guantanamo, and the many newspaper correspondents travelling to and fro between the front and this place were kind enough to take these quaint missives along and mail them.

A newspaper or any news from home was as eagerly sought for as intelligence from the front was craved for in the States. In many instances letters sent from the States were held many days before delivery to the men at the front. Many letters were not delivered until after the conflict was over which should have been received by the soldiers before they reached the line of battle. Other letters received yet await delivery, those to whom they were addressed having passed to the great beyond at El Caney.

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Regular officers in consultation.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SIEGE OF SANTIAGO.

Advance to the front under difficulties—Graves of the Rough Riders—Observations by balloon—Grimes's battery opens fire—Response by shrapnel—In the thick of the fight—Bravery of the Seventy-first.

THURSDAY, June 30th, was a very important, interesting, and busy day with me. I had visited General Shafter's headquarters, and permission had been given me to ascend in the balloon the following day, when operations were expected to commence, in order to take photographic views of the trenches, the position of batteries, and the various branches of the Spanish army. When this news was conveyed to me I was in very high spirits. I at once made preparations for this work, and proceeded to Siboney to get my cameras and plates. I had been out in the field all day, and the tramp back to Siboney was not very pleasant. I reached

the Sylvia rather late at night, and, after caring for the inner man, I made known to our party what was to take place the following day, and the whole corps of men were in high glee to learn that operations in real warfare were to begin early the following morning.

My good and faithful assistant Jim and the rest of the boys helped to get camera and plates in shape, while I examined every shutter and lens, trying every plateholder, and seeing that everything was in perfect working order. The plateholders were filled, cases were strapped up, and everything was made ready for an early departure, after packing up a few necessary articles, including an extra suit of underclothing and a bottle of fine old brandy, this being taken along as medicine. At a critical time it was so agreeable and necessary that none but those who partook of it can fully tell how it was appreciated. Thus equipped, we left the Sylvia in the wee small hours of the morning of July 1st. Arrived on shore, we made for the Journal headquarters. Here we found things rather still. The house had been temporarily

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Second United States cavalrymen turning out at reveille.

turned into a hospital, and, as a consequence, a great many of the sick soldiers were occupying places in and round the house and veranda for the night.

When we reached this little house, we first made inquiries and personal investigations as to our horses. We found they had been fed thoroughly, and only awaited our arrival to start on our trip to Playa. We thought it advisable to take a couple of hours' rest before starting on our journey, which was over a tract of about seven miles. We found a vacant spot among the many lying on the veranda, and we downed our blankets on the boards, placed plate cases or cameras under our heads, and dozed off.

After a tiresome day's work, one might think, perhaps, that we readily succumbed to sleep; but such a supposition omits consideration of mosquitoes, ill visions, and land crabs. I saw and imagined all kinds of things, and, although I might have been asleep, I knew everything that was going on around me for the two hours during which we remained on the hard floor of the veranda of this little shanty.

Outside and hitched near by were two or three army mules, who voiced a loud, rasping protest at intervals against some treatment which they were receiving and which they did not fancy. Now, these mules are all right when they are hungry and have something to eat in front of them, but when they have nothing to engage their attention in that way they engage the attention of all in the neighbourhood by means known to many, but possessed in that remarkable manner only by the mule himself. The bray of an army mule is penetrating and insinuating. It tears its way through atmosphere, wooden plank, brick, rock, or anything that may be placed to check its movement. In addition to the regulation bray, the mule has a mournful whine. This melancholy sound is what these mules treated us to during the two hours we sought sleep.

After picturing to myself the scenes which I expected to photograph I dozed into a brief respite from mortal cares. This was of but brief duration, for we were soon awakened in a rude manner by Mr. Follansbee, who came along and told us that day-

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The Sixth Infantry near San Juan.

light was appearing off the eastern mountains just beyond Siboney. Our party were all attention in less time than it takes to tell about it, for we were all anxious to get under way and to the front.

After saddling our horses and making our packs on an army mule that was branded as the property of U. S.—but do not inquire too closely as to where we got him. The mule had strayed and was lost—possibly stolen—who can tell? Things of this kind are not classed as stolen property in time of war, or at least they were not looked upon as such in Cuba, all taking the cheerful view that it was borrowed for the time being. Anyhow, after making ready, which took but a short time, we started on the valley road, which is the road between the mountains which General Young traversed with his army on the day that the Rough Riders fought their battle. When we started it was still dark, and as we went along this muddy and slimy road it was not a pleasant trip. We had not gone far before we came to the place where the refugees from El Caney, Santiago, and other places in the

neighbourhood had found shelter under the improvised tents and large trees which grow in this low valley.

Every one that passed along this trail was greeted with more or less commonplace recognition by Cubans—men, women, and children. As I passed by some of them and saw strong, apparently able-bodied men, I thought how strange it seemed that these big, lusty fellows should be lying around in the shade in a manner apparently listless and unconcerned as to what was about to occur, while our men had travelled from two to four thousand miles in some instances to fight for the freedom of the country to which these loungers belonged. It appeared to me that if these people were so anxious to have freedom from the thralldom of the Spanish yoke, and an opportunity to repay the Spaniards in the same coin they had received from them in the way of cruel and unjust treatment, that here was a splendid opportunity which they were neglecting. Instead of taking up arms and fighting the enemies of their country, they were permitting disinterested friends of humanity to take all the suf-

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Graves of the Rough Riders at Las Guasimas.

fering necessary to free them. And yet might not this very torpor of better feelings and conscience indicate the degraded state of ignorance they had been brought down to by the imposition of state and Church, and hence entitle them all the more to our sympathy? Perhaps they thought they had done their share for their country's freedom, and now that they were within hailing distance of provisions to be had for the asking they imagined it useless to continue the struggle any longer.

We continued our journey beyond and travelled some miles before we reached the junction in the road where the Rough Riders met with such dire misfortune. This place is called Las Guasimas. There are no dwellings or houses inhabited by any one around. The distillery where the Spaniards made their last rally can be seen in the distance over a small ridge of mountains. Here we passed the graves of the gallant troopers who died in this grand charge, beyond which we came to a trail leading toward Playa. The regiments which had been encamped on this ground a day or two before had taken

up their tents and evacuated. It seemed rather lonesome as the sun slowly made its way above the horizon, as though something big had happened, and given to this place a desolate and empty air. There was something wanting.

On the left and right of us the place had been occupied by the Ninth, Twenty-fourth, Sixteenth, and Seventy-first Regiments, and some troops of cavalry. Now all were gone. Gone where? Gone closer to their enemies; working up to a position which brought them face to face with those men Spain had sent there to teach the "Yankee pigs" how not to meddle with fighting men, and who had boasted so loudly of their undying bravery and efficiency. If, as historians have reported, this race of people has done so much in the way of relying upon their honour and bravery and the justice of their cause, why did they allow our little body of men to encroach upon the ground which they could not hold long enough to intrench themselves upon, because the activity of the American forces made them retreat hurriedly to their town and its fortifications? Surely they

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The Seventy-first Regiment crossing the river at San Juan.

might have made a bolder stand and not have allowed us to approach so near to the key of the situation—Santiago.

From Siboney to Santiago the distance is about twelve miles. Our troops were now eight or nine miles from Siboney, which brought them within three miles of Santiago. The first, second, and third brigade of this army corps were now being formed into a crescent, which crescent was steadily advancing toward the intrenched position of the bravest troops of Spain. We had now gone about five or six miles; we were between Las Guasimas and Playa. On the right of us was a cavalry troop now breaking camp. I heard the bugle calling the men to "Attention!" The last note of the bugle was scarcely sounded before every man was beside his trusted steed, carbine slung on the side, a revolver in his belt, all ready to mount. Once more the bugle sounded, and all threw themselves sprightly and alertly into the saddle. The command was given, "Forward!" and by fours they came down in front of us, blocking our way for a time. We halted to see these gallant

fellows pass us and take position on the road. We followed along in the rear of this troop until we reached General Shafter's headquarters. Arrived there, we unloaded what stuff we had, including the tent and eatables, and left our mule tied to a tree where we expected to pitch our camp that night. I then made for headquarters, with Mr. Hearst and Mr. Follansbee, to find out where and when the balloon was likely to go up. We were just as eager to find out as yokels at a country fair, where balloon ascensions are advertised as the main attraction. I was told that the balloon in charge of the general's staff was already a mile or two in advance. Hearing this, we proceeded toward El Pozo as fast as we could, and we had not gone very far before we saw the balloon in the air in front of us.

Confound it! I thought, here is the chance of my life which I have missed, a chance where possibly I might have been of valuable assistance to our army; but I was doomed to disappointment. As we followed along in the wake of the men who were handling this balloon, I found it was not

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Part of the Seventy-first Regiment, near El Pozo, awaiting orders to the front.

likely I should have a chance to ascend in it. It was now at a considerable height, and the men were making their observations in a businesslike manner. The balloon was handled by a detachment of eight or ten men, who held on to a light pole or spar about twenty feet long, to which were attached the guide ropes of the balloon. Thus the men carried it along from one point to another. Before long the balloon descended in order that the men might receive further instructions, about which I know nothing. I made all possible haste to ascertain its correct location, but failed to do so. Shortly after the reascension the Spaniards thought our people had been ballooning quite long enough, and that it was time to choke off the play, so their infantry and artillery concentrated their fire on it, and, after the balloon had been punctured quite frequently, it was drawn down and seen no more during the attack on Santiago.

As we passed along the narrow trail which was the main road to the sugar house on the way to San Juan, it was filled with infantry and artillery troops. The men

seemed anxious and eager for the fray. They were all expectancy, all on their mettle—mettle that the men possibly never had shown before. I had seen troops many times in mimic warfare, but never had I seen them so near an actual engagement. As we passed along, I thought that there were among them many whose last hour was near; but little did they heed it, for there is one condition existing among all men just before going into battle, I fancy, for I have conversed with them and asked them this very question, and all seemed united on one thing—that is, that they never think of being victims themselves, but always that it is "the other fellow" that is destined to wounds and death. I know that is how it was with me, for when Mr. Hearst, Mr. Follansbee, and the rest of our party crossed the river near the sugar house and made for the old fort at El Pozo, none of us thought of the danger which was to show itself in a very few minutes.

It was now about eight o'clock in the morning, and a battery was stationed on the hill directly to our right, under the very tree

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In front of El Pozo.

Grimes's battery in the distance under the tree.

from which I had made photographs of Santiago a few days before. It was here that I knew we would be able to get a good view of the movements of the troops which were expected to go into battle on our right. The Rough Riders were immediately in and around this fort at El Pozo. As we passed by them we recognised many a well-known face. Several of them saluted us as we went along toward this battery on the hill. We had not proceeded far in this thicket and dense woody undergrowth, before our pathway and progress were filled with what we termed Spanish swords—a species of cactus with a long leaf, which grows like the blade of a sword. We were approaching the hill very closely when, to our surprise, we heard the orders coming from the officer in charge of the battery. They came loud, clear, and distinct. The first command rang out like a clarion: "No. 1, load! prime! fire!" and the first shot of the bombardment of Santiago was unloosed from the muzzle of the rifle and was speeding on its rotary errand toward the mark.

Following this came the orders for No.

2 and No. 3 guns, and soon Grimes's battery was in full action. Gun followed gun in its contribution to the roar, when suddenly there was a boom in the distance; it sounded as though it were but an echo of the guns from Grimes's battery, so faint was the sound, but we soon discovered that we were right in the place where the Spanish shells and shrapnel were landing. In and around this thicket and the fort at El Pozo were a great many Cubans.

A yell, "Here she comes!" and there was such a screech through the air as I had never heard before. It was new to me, and yet, oh, how magnificent! I can not call it terrible or dreadful, for it did not so impress me. It was the sound of a very large and elegant skyrocket, which I had so often as a boy admired and raced to find the stick; but oh, how terrible to find the stick which came from one of these projectiles! how dreadful it soon appeared to me when I saw the havoc wrought by the shells!

Another boom in the distance, and screeching through the air came another shell. In quick succession these shells were

now pouring in our line, when suddenly we were hailed by an officer in charge of the skirmish line of the Rough Riders, who said: "What in h—l are you fellows doing? Don't you see you are drawing the fire from those batteries? For God's sake, men, get off your horses!"

For the first time things began to appear interesting. Mr. Hearst turned his horse to me, and we came face to face with each other, and, with a smile, he said, "Well, I guess possibly we are drawing the fire, but we are not the only ones around here."

With that we dismounted, still forcing our way toward Grimes's battery, which was pouring shells into Santiago. When within hailing distance of the battery, a shell suddenly came from the enemy's artillery and burst directly in front of one of these guns. Another followed, and before it could burst in the air as the previous one had done it embedded itself in the earth not fifty feet beyond where the commanding officer stood. Did they run? Did they stop? No, it was too late to stop. Onward was the word. No. 1 was reloading, No. 2 was fired, and

No. 3 was doing the execution expected of it, but which in full we could not see. Here we thought we could gain the mountain, when suddenly we were hailed and given these words of admonition: "Have you fellows no sense? If you have, for God's sake make yourselves scarce!"

This seemed to us the proper time to make ourselves scarce; but let me tell you something: In our party of four or five, who was to be the first one to say, "Let us go back"? That was the question. That man was wanting; that one man could not be found, for it is true as Gospel that after a man had gone through what he had he would never allow himself then to retreat or in any way lead any one to believe that he was a coward. The time for any one to set the signal of a yellow streak had long passed. I am not speaking now directly of our party, but I am speaking for the soldier and for the trooper, and for the gunner in general; I am speaking for the rank and file, as well as the officers of our army. I have heard it said that a man will show whether he is a man as soon as he gets under fire. This may

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Rough Riders reconnoitring in front of El Pozo.

be correct in many instances, but when you take into consideration what our men went through long before they came to the firing line, if the white feather was to be shown, it would have been hoisted before.

It took a brave man to go through the inauguration these men went through when they were initiated into camp life, and it required even more fortitude to withstand the hardships encountered on the transports. When once upon the field they had passed through experiences which were not likely to be outdone by anything there to occur; they had experienced about the worst that they could have had to endure. It took a man of strong nerve, strong constitution, and strong fealty to country to uncomplainingly accept the food and treatment which these men had to undergo in order that they might place at the altar of Liberty all they possessed.

It was a paradise for these men to be permitted to come out from the stench of a transport's hold and land in Cuba; to exchange the dampness and filth of unventilated cattle boats for the sunshine, however hot

the rays. Some of them had been in battle before, as, for instance, the Rough Riders, who had gone through the most desperate conflict of this war. When these men saw this artillery officer cheering his men on, when they saw on the right and left their guidons, and in the centre Old Glory gracefully unfolding and waving its stripes in the breeze, as though to display its insouciance and confidence of the quality of those bearing it as their standard, who could stop them? Could they step backward? No! Nothing but the thought of occupying the place now held by the enemy would give them satisfaction.

It is not the men actually engaged on the fighting line who are most tried and who feel the conflict most, for while they are in battle they have something to keep the mind from self. It is those men who form the second line, who bring up the rear, who are held in reserve, who stand ready to jump in and take the place of the brave man who has died right in front of him, whose eyes are peering through bushes, while he sees the men dropping in front of him. He stands

there waiting for the order "Forward!" and when the bugle sounds he jumps forward. What are these men doing all the time they are standing there waiting for this word? Let me tell you what they are doing, what I heard with my ears and saw with my eyes. Let me tell you what some of these men did and how they did it.

After crossing the river by the old sugar house just in front of El Pozo, there is where the men were rendezvoused as reserves. In coming down from El Pozo to get out of the line of fire as best we could we made our way toward San Juan. Shrapnel shells were bursting over us in large numbers: men were being struck down beside our very selves. They were falling like logs. There was none of the stage dropping, by first jumping five or ten feet into the air—no Rialto business. A man was hit, and he simply sagged down in a heap, sinking into the low bushes without a murmur, without a word. Had you been at the side of some of the falling men, as I was, you would have heard nothing from them but, "I have got it!" or, "It has touched me!"

These were the men actually in the skirmish line, but as we went farther on, and these men went beyond us on their way to the enemy's trenches, and the others were standing in single file as a support to the main body, the shrapnel were coming very close, for these places had been occupied by the Spaniards, and they knew the distances and could adjust their ranges to perfection. They knew the trails which our troops would have to use in advancing so as to reach and engage the Spanish. They shortened their ranges, and many a man was killed or wounded. Many is the man who was maimed for life while standing waiting to go on the fighting line and battle for his country. Many is the man that was carried off before he had a chance to fire a shot.

As I came along the line, anxious inquiries were made of me, "Hello, mate, what are they doing in front?" I would answer: "They are holding their own, boys; gaining steadily. Not a foot have they lost since they started."

A feeling of pleasure would thrill the line from right to left when they heard this

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Cuban soldiers dodging shrapnel while looking for dead and wounded.

news. As I told them of the brave fight their comrades were making at the front men grasped with firmer hand their rifles, some opened the chamber and examined the mechanism and shells inside, in order to assure themselves that there should be no miss when the time for action came; some would draw the cartridge and place the end in their mouth to wet it, and, with a tighter grasp on his belt as he took in another notch, he would say to his partner: "Bill, this is the time; the time has come, and won't we show them what stuff we are made of! We will show them how to shoot! That clean score I made on the range before I left will stand us in good stead now, old man." His partner would give a knowing wink and shake of the head.

Anxiously did these men stand there all along, peacefully biding their time. When an advance would be sounded you would hear the notes of the bugle ring out distinctly and the order, "Forward! prepare for action!" The officers along the line would give the command to "Unsling rolls and prepare for action!"

A man from each company was detailed to look after the rolls and haversacks and the equipments which were not necessary at the time. As the men were called into line of battle and deployed as skirmishers it was a sight to see them. With grim determination on their faces, they looked first to the right and then to the left; every man seemed to be a trained soldier, every man seemed to know that the time had come for him to do his duty, be it but to die. Before being deployed to the regular distance you would see them standing in pairs, and at such a time I heard their conversation. It made me feel as though I wanted to do something myself, and yet I could not. For instance:

A big, strong sergeant was on the right, and as he passed along and ordered his men to deploy, the No. 1 man of the first four on the right of the company said: "Sergeant, I may not have a chance to speak with you again, but should I be wounded and not killed, see that my body is not taken by those Spaniards. If it is the last shot you have, sergeant, and I am wounded and alive, do not leave me until you are sure I am dead.

Then if they get my body, they can not hurt me with me knowing it."

This was the prevailing feeling among the rank and file. They were determined to go in and do their best; yet they feared that they might be taken prisoners by these cruel yellow enemies and treated as prisoners always have been treated by the Spanish soldiers. Soon after this the engagement was opened on both sides; it was a terrible conflict, made more hellish by the roaring of the artillery, the popping of the rifles on our skirmish lines, and the volleys from the enemy—all of which lent themselves to the terrible discord.

One could readily distinguish between the firing of the two sides. Our men were ordered to deploy as skirmishers, and, as the officers could not reach the men, the men received orders to fire at will. The Spaniards in their trenches were firing volleys thick and fast. The sounds were many. The Mauser bullets whirled along the surface of the grass and nipped off grass blades and cactus stalks. The sound in these cases was similar to that produced by one holding a

newspaper and hitting the corner of it a sharp tap. Then there was the whizzing above you all the time. There was also above you the screech of shrapnel from the Spanish artillery. This sound is readily comparable to putting the power on an electric trolley car. The trolley in starting has but a small quantity of the power put on by the motorman, and it increases from a low hum to a hissing screech.

The shrieking of shells and shrapnel over my head had a fascination for me akin to the eye of the hypnotist on his subject, for I could not prevent my head turning upward when they hissed by, and I could not restrain the idea from arising in me that I ought to photograph them as they flew. As the morning wore on and the battle grew fiercer, the wounded and the dead were now increasing in number momentarily. This did not contribute to the cheerfulness of our men. As they saw comrades being helped to the rear, where they were taken care of by the Red Cross helpers, the men would say to themselves: "Well, he has got it. Maybe we will get it next, but I bet somebody gets it from

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Wounded of the Ninth Cavalry waiting for ambulances.

me first!" Nothing daunted these men, for they jumped right into the place left vacant by a dead or wounded comrade.

In travelling down the narrow trail on the right of the Seventy-first Regiment I came across two wounded men who were lying apparently lifeless. I had some of the bandages which are supplied among the articles of use in first aid to the wounded, which I applied as best I could. After doing this, and stopping the rush of blood, one of the men asked me to sit him up against an old tree stump. He said, "I know you can not take care of me, but put me against that tree in a position where I can see around me, and give me my gun and I will take my chances."

I did as best I could for this poor fellow, the bullets meanwhile whistling around in close proximity. I did not know whence these bullets came, but I thought from their direction that they must have come from our troops, although the line of battle was fully a quarter of a mile in advance. I turned to leave this man, thinking that the Red Cross aids would soon come along, as

they were doing good work among the wounded, when I heard a cry of agony, and I turned and saw this man fall face down to the earth. He had been shot, as I found later on, clean through the temple.

These promiscuous shots, we found later, came from the sharpshooters, who were thickly planted in the trees all around the field of action. Several instances have been recorded which did not come under my personal notice, but which I know to be facts, of many of the doctors and Red Cross nurses and aids who were attending to the wounded on the battlefield having been shot by these treacherous and cruel Spanish sharpshooters in the trees. The Red Cross on a man's arm gave no immunity against bullets when the wearer was an American, but rather seemed to invite these creatures to show their brutality. Following along in the rear of the Third Brigade, I made up my mind that I wanted some pictures, and I wanted them badly; but no one can conceive the difficulties of making pictures of men in action, particularly where they are continually covered with dense clouds of sulphurous smoke. On

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At the graves of the troopers of the Tenth Cavalry.

several occasions I had very advantageous positions for securing good photos.

In crossing the river early in the morning I had marched along with the Seventy-first Regiment of New York for quite a distance; when we branched off for El Pozo I left them. Later in the morning, as I have said before, I followed in the rear of the Third Brigade, and came close up to where the Seventy-first New York Volunteers were now engaged in deadly combat. The fire was galling. It was simply awful, but I made myself feel as much at home as I possibly could. I was directly on the right wing of this regiment, and saw them at close range during part of the time they were in action.

A short time before noon I was peering through my glasses when I saw one or two companies in advance of the remainder of the regiment. I could not quite understand how this was, when suddenly I saw a halt in the advance of these men. They were deployed as skirmishers, and were sending in a galling fire upon the enemy which was very effective.

These two companies had the old type

of powder, and every time they fired a shot it made a target at which the enemy aimed. I could see the officers every now and then running up and down the line of fire, urging the men on, when suddenly everything seemed to become quiet. Presumably the officers had been killed or wounded, for I could no longer see any officer in charge of these two companies, now numbering between one hundred and one hundred and fifty men, when suddenly I saw this group of men rise as if out of the earth and retreat to the rear in order to connect themselves with the main body of the regiment. As soon as these men raised themselves so that they showed slightly above the high grass, the enemy's sharpshooters concentrated their fire upon them. Finding themselves in an exposed position, they made as hasty and orderly a retreat as was possible. Reaching the main body of their regiment, they immediately rallied and came up with their comrades, fighting as they had done before.

I have an impression from what I saw here—my opinion being formed from my experience as a national guardsman—that

these men, finding themselves in an exposed position and without officers or support, decided that it was better to fall back where they could get officers to take command, and thereby obtain the assistance which was absolutely necessary in this instance. I feel positively assured that as these men came back they got, in a great measure, mixed up with the Sixteenth and other regiments, whose officers took charge of them, and went back to the firing line with them. Anything such as these men becoming stampeded and showing the white feather is absolute folly. It was simply a case of no leader, and that there was no leader on hand was no fault of theirs. The men of the Seventy-first for their gallantry during the day's fight received high praise from the regular officers. That those brave fellows should have been accused of cowardice by irresponsible idlers was a cruel calumny, to be refuted when the truth became known.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHARGE AT EL CANEY.

Heroism of our colored troops—Bold dash for the fort—A correspondent's wound—A non-combatant's prisoners—Victory at last—Some unexpected horrors.

LEAVING the First Division of the Fifth Army Corps, we made our way over to El Caney, sounds of a heavy engagement with artillery reaching our ears as we progressed to the eastward. After an hour's riding, we came to the main road leading to El Caney, and, as a result of the heavy firing which had been going on for some time, many were killed and wounded, and they were now being brought to the rear for transfer to the First Division Hospital. On our route we passed a coloured trooper who was being assisted to the hospital. When I met him I said, "I see they have touched you, old sport."

"Why, yas, sir; yas, sir, they touched me. It's a darned shame to think they singled me

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The fort and blockhouse at El Caney.

out, for before I had a chance to raise my rifle they touched me up for fair. I wouldn't care so much if they'd given me a chance to touch some one first. I was just standin' thar waitin', when something came along and said 'Choo,' and they just 'chooed' me; but I guess this won't last long, and I will soon be back among them."

Such was the feeling of these brave coloured fellows.

The Tenth and Eleventh United States Cavalry consisted of these coloured troops, and they were a goodly sight to behold. When they came to barb-wire fences, or any obstruction of that kind which impeded progress, they used to sneak up to them, skulking and creeping from corner to corner, when suddenly with a wild dash they made a gain of twenty or thirty yards, and, while it was necessary in some cases for the troops to keep silent, it was impossible for these men to restrain their animation. With a bold rush, swoop, and yell, they leaped into the very jaws of death. A coloured corporal told me that night—he was in charge of a squad of men sent out in a skirmishing party—that

he had just located the cause of the havoc wrought among our troops. He said that he had been lying in a comfortable position with his men and doing as much damage to the enemy as possible. These men were to the left of the fort and blockhouse, and almost directly south of the town. As his squad were lying there, sending in their little pills, he suddenly found himself and his men the centre of fire from a northerly direction. He could not imagine where this came from, when, upon changing his position behind a large boulder and placing his piece on the stone, he looked around for a while, and thought the firing proceeded from a large steeple. He then directed the fire of his squad on this church steeple, and with good effect, for when this church was afterward turned into a Red Cross hospital and headquarters for the distribution of food I saw that some great execution had been done by somebody.

I met this trooper at the same church afterward, and as he saw me he looked up at the steeple with pride, and said, " Massa, you want to take a picture of that, and I hope

you will tell me where I can get one, for that is where I did the dons."

And there is no doubt he did, for the bodies of several Spaniards were taken from the steeple that night.

When our troops had come within hailing distance of this fort at El Caney, and it was decided that it was time to charge the trenches and the hill, Lawton's battery had now formed in position to the eastward and was shelling the central point, from which the Spaniards were doing such deadly work.

There is no doubt but that history will record this as a great battle, but the historian must not forget to give the Spaniards due credit for their work at this place. Never did men fight so fiercely; never did an officer urge his men on so eagerly as the officer in charge of the troops in the first intrenchments at the foot of the hill round the blockhouse at El Caney. He was seen to march up and down the trenches as erect and dignified as though he were on dress parade. If Spain had any honour and bravery, a large amount was concentrated in this single officer. His conduct was magnificent. He simply

banged away and urged his men on to the last desperate extremity. They knew that their end was near; they knew that they could not possibly win with such men against them; they saw our troops coming nearer and nearer, until they were within a very short distance, and, as one of the officers captured at this fort told me the next day, had our men held off a little longer, they would certainly have surrendered, as their ammunition was becoming very short. But it seemed as though our troops were desperate; they had but one end in view, and that was to make as quick business of this assault as possible. I told him that in America the one great principle in the composition of the thorough American was to get up and hustle, and that is what our men were doing here. "Yes, but it was walking into the very jaws of death," he said; "for while our men were receiving terrible wounds, we had other men ready to take their places, and we were in a far better position in defending than the Americans in attacking, for the Americans had to expose themselves in a great many ways."

When our men reached the brow of the

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Spanish soldiers in the trenches at El Caney.

hill over which they had to descend into the valley they encountered several barb-wire fences, and while they were forcing themselves through these obstructions they were exposed to the fire of the Spaniards. But nothing daunted when our men saw these blue-and-white striped terrors, with their large hats in the trenches, they were like hungry lions at the sight of prey. Nothing short of victory absolute and complete would satisfy them. I shall never forget the coloured boys when they made the grand charge over the barb-wire fences and into the trenches filled with Spaniards. They had been waiting and watching for a chance, and, as though every man had been ordered to do this thing at this time, they did it. Lawton's battery had just found the range of this fort, and was playing havoc with it. Two shots had already taken effect when a third came and completely demolished one corner, sending up brickwork and earth high into the air, when with a sudden yell these two regiments of coloured troops made their bold dash for the Spanish trenches, and before any one knew what had happened they were running

and jumping into the very muzzles of the rifles of the enemy. No quarter was shown until the bugle sounded "Cease firing!"

It had to be sounded twice, for these men were now let loose and desperate in their deadly work. They were like Irishmen at a county fair, who, armed with shillalahs, crack every head above the horizon. But these men, on the whole, certainly were merciful. As soon as the order was sounded every man was upon his mettle and the wounded were cared for and the others disarmed at the earliest possible moment.

On the right, and where the charge was made by the Seventh or Seventeenth (I can not say positively which; I think both), on the blockhouse on the heights of the hill was a fort, and James Creelman was the first to gain this fort. He rushed in, backed up by several of our troopers, and, grasping the halyards of the torn and tattered Spanish flag, he pulled it down and told the men in the fort that if they did not surrender they would be shot down. As he was about to leave the fort and call to the troops to come

forward, a Mauser bullet from some unknown source struck this brave newspaper correspondent in the left arm. The ball shattered his shoulder blade and came out of his back just under the shoulder. A corporal from the Seventh Regiment caught him as he was about to fall and carefully laid him down, when his friends arrived and carried him to a place of safety. All was now excitement in and around this fort. Shots quite numerous were being fired from the town, until a company had to be sent there to capture or kill whoever refused to surrender to the American forces.

It was now becoming quite late, and cloudy in the extreme. In fact, for the past two hours the weather had not been good for making photographs. But what a delightful scene this would have been! Here the pen had the advantage of the camera's eye. What an inspiring picture to have impressed upon a negative—the soldiers making this noble charge! Fate, however, was against me.

After getting the details of the battle and the story from Mr. Creelman as he lay

wounded on a litter, Mr. Hearst immediately made for Siboney with his report, so as to get it off to his paper at the earliest possible moment. Mr. Follansbee was anxious to do something, although a non-combatant and one who had gone out merely for adventure. He eagerly volunteered to go with twenty-five men and search the village and take all the Spaniards found who had been combatants. Speaking the Spanish language quite fluently, and having boys behind him made of the right stuff, they were just adapted for this work. They went from house to house, taking prisoners here and there. At one dwelling they found standing outside the door five or six Mauser rifles—a sign that their owners had surrendered. The cavalrymen who accompanied Mr. Follansbee, with their revolvers drawn, were quite energetic in searching every little nook and corner where it was possible for men to be hidden. Several of the men who had been defending the trenches and El Caney against our forces that day had hurriedly retreated to the houses where their families were and changed their clothing, so that they looked spick,

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Spanish prisoners captured at El Caney.

span, and innocent when found, but they were known by the Cubans to have been engaged on the other side a short time before. For this reason they became our prisoners.

In entering one house, which was a little dry-goods store, the woman in charge was so frightened in anticipation of some harm coming to her that she brought out several bottles of wine to give to our troopers. They politely excused themselves and went forward on their errand. Finding a door that was barred and locked very securely, they asked the woman for the key. She told them she had no key; they told her that unless the door was unlocked they would batter it down. She then said there was no one there. Mr. Follansbee ordered the troopers to batter down the door, and, with a cocked revolver and a lighted candle in hand, he peered into the darkness of the cupboard and discovered five Spanish gentlemen, all, of course, full to the brim with bravery and honour, hiding from the inevitable. They were pulled out unceremoniously and placed with the rest of the prisoners.

The prisoners were being marched down a back lane when they were accosted by a coloured Cuban, who went in among them and grasped their hands quite warmly. Mr. Follansbee, thinking this man might be one of their number, took him prisoner also, for be it known that a great many Cubans as well as Spaniards were fighting against our forces. Every man or boy that was able to carry a machete or handle a rifle was forced to declare for one side or the other. Thus we were not fighting the Spaniards alone, but Cubans who were Spanish sympathizers. When this Cuban black was taken as a prisoner he resented it very strongly, and, with uplifted head and eyes rolled up toward the sky, he uttered the most frightful yell I ever heard. He called to his God for protection, and uttered the most unearthly cries it was possible to imagine. When ordered to desist from this air-tearing practice, he declared he was a Cuban officer. When asked to show his commission, he plunged his hand down into his pocket and drew forth a dirty parchment, and proved that he was an officer belonging to the Cuban army.

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Refugees on the way from Santiago to Siboney.

This was a strange case, to say the least, but it was explained afterward that previous to our invasion the Spanish and Cuban officers had been known to be on quite friendly terms, and it was not an infrequent occurrence for these officers to spend the days and evenings in social games of one kind or another.

The capture of El Caney revealed many horrors. It was not only the refugees who suffered. My heart bled for our own brave men. Clad in uniforms utterly unsuitable for tropical climates, the heat of the sun compelled them to throw aside their kits and blankets when the order to engage was given. When the cold night dew fell on them they had nothing to protect them. Chills and fever resulted. The hospital service was pitiably inadequate. The Mauser bullet was in a great measure responsible for this. Under the old system of fighting there were four wounded to one killed. Under the sway of the Mauser there were nineteen wounded to one dead. The wounded require care; the vultures look after the killed. This unexpected number of

wounded heavily taxed our hospital resources.

It is a painful subject to dwell on. That our sick and wounded slept in swamps without shelter is too true. That our camps were unsanitary, that disinfectants were sorely lacking, is also beyond dispute. The theoretical camps on paper, where all precautions were to be taken for preserving the health of our troops, proved to be myths. The regulations concerning the boiling of water before drinking, the disinfection of the trenches, the prevention of men from sleeping on the bare ground, were all disregarded, the result being the popular indignation now raging as I write. If these battle-field and camp horrors of the American Army are the outcome of the régime of politics, then let politics have a needed and thorough shaking up. Let the field artillery commence a bombardment of the rascals and blow them out of existence, as they deserve.

The sight of the refugees at El Caney was most harrowing. Wounded and starving men dragging themselves twelve miles from the front to the hospital at Siboney,

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Seeking refuge before the bombardment.

dying by the wayside, and becoming prey for the vultures and buzzards, was bad enough. But when it is borne in mind that women, old and young, with children, from babes in arms to their teens, formed part of the same mournful procession, the horrors accumulate. They had fled from Santiago in dread of bombardment. The vultures had a grim and terrible banquet.

CHAPTER XIII.

OUR BOLD ROUGH RIDERS.

Colonel Roosevelt as a fighter—He inspires his brave men—Heroes in the field—Sad scenes in the hospitals—Criminal incompetence or what?—Burial of a soldier without benefit of clergy.

IN the progress of the battles on July 1st and 2d a great many deeds of heroism came to my notice. The men were told before going into battle that their one mission and aim was to kill, to defeat the enemy, no matter what the consequences, as long as it was done in an honourable way. This admonition was in every sense of the word strictly and religiously adhered to by our troops so far as I know; but, oh, how frequently the rules and customs of civilized nations for regulating warfare were violated by the dons! Soon after the engagement of July 1st, and even before the men were actually called to the line of battle, the shrapnel was doing its

deadly work in our lines. Men waiting their turn to be ordered to the fighting line to do execution on the enemy were smote down by the shrapnel and stray bullets, whose fire they could not return.

It was interesting and sad to see the men brought in to the field hospital in the rear of the line. The first wounded man who came under my notice was a Rough Rider, who had been on the second skirmish line, but not on the fighting line that day, being held in reserve. While acting as supports to the left of the First Brigade shrapnel were dropping around in large numbers from the enemy's artillery, fragments of which when they burst maimed and wounded quite a few of the Rough Riders. During this period of waiting Colonel Roosevelt was going up and down the line of his regiment, seeing that his men were ready and thoroughly equipped for immediate action should they be called into play. This man is a wonder in many ways. He seemed to be absolutely ignorant of the nature of fear, and regarded the entire situation as but belonging to the commonplace as he went swinging up and down the line, stop-

ping here and there to make a remark to one of his officers. When he observed a face turned to him with an inquiring look, he would give a nod of recognition.

He said to his men: "Boys, this is the day we repeat what we have done before. You know we are surrounded by the regulars. They are round us thick and heavy. Don't forget where you belong. Don't forget what you are fighting for. Don't forget, boys, that your reward is not in the immediate present, but think of what will come in the future."

To me Colonel Roosevelt appeared to be in thorough touch with every man in his command, and really he seemed to have a personal acquaintance with every man from major to coffee grinder. He had gained the esteem and confidence of every man in his regiment. He had made himself "one of the boys," and they knew it, and I was certain that, no matter where this man would lead them, they would follow, regardless of what the results might be. He imparted to his men that wonderful determination and courage which he himself possesses, and which is contagious

Colonel Roosevelt addressing the Naval Reserves at Fort Hamilton.

under the inspiration of a born leader. The possession of this attribute assures victory. It is beyond description. Only those who saw and felt it could understand his influence. It did not need a command through a megaphone and a shout and flash of the sword to get the men to move, but the simple wave of his hand was sufficient for every man who could see him to know that he was going ahead and that he wanted them to follow, it mattered not where.

As I observed Colonel Roosevelt thus going among his men, inspiring them with the same burning enthusiasm with which his whole being was aglow, I was reminded of a memorable event some months before in which he was the central figure. The scene was Fort Hamilton, New York harbour, and the occasion was the calling out of the New York naval militia for its annual parade and inspection. Colonel Roosevelt was at that time Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and was making things "hustle" with his usual dash.

The men were formed in hollow square, and the colonel delivered one of his charac-

teristic speeches, full of patriotic fire. He reminded the young men whom he addressed that there was a good deal of difference between "funning" and fighting; that, while the Government was pleased to afford a little aquatic amusement and diversion to the militia in time of peace, it would demand in return much self-sacrifice, devotion, and endurance when the dogs of war were let loose.

All this he jerked out in short ejaculatory sentences, emphatic and epigrammatic. He impressed me as being dead in earnest. From that hour I respected Colonel Roosevelt.

It had been said before the first battle in which these Rough Riders took part that the men were doubtless splendid fighters, but fighters who were proficient chiefly in their individual capacity. It was predicted that collectively they would not do braver or more efficient duty than other men, for the reason that they were not capable of organization and effective united action—in a word, that each man would fight for himself. This did not prove to be correct, for every man stood practically shoulder to shoulder with his comrade, and when an order came to advance or

charge or fire it was done as by one man, and nothing could have been more precise and military than all the movements of the Rough Riders in every instance.

Along the road leading to San Juan early in the morning it was my chance to meet one of the Rough Riders, who was being helped along by two men. As he approached me I levelled the camera at him, and made my first shot at a wounded American.

When he came by me he said: "I think I am a poor subject. I am certainly an unlucky one."

I said, "How is that, messmate?"

"Why," he replied, "I haven't had a chance to fire a shot. I was simply lying there when I got touched."

"Are you hurt very much?"

"Oh, no; this arm, however, refuses to do duty, and I must now report to the man of pills and lotions and let him find out what is the matter."

A little farther on I met several Cubans who had improvised a stretcher made from a piece of canvas stretched over the limb of a tree. In this arrangement they were carrying

a wounded officer, and they had already carried him possibly a mile. After making a picture of this curious incident, as the officer was in terrible agony, I volunteered my service to help them along a little. I took hold of one end of the litter while the two Cubans took the other, and we hastily carried the officer toward the hospital.

Suddenly he opened his eyes and saw me, and said: "My friend, I am afraid I shall never reach the hospital. Won't you please let me rest here?" I asked him where he had been shot, and he answered, "In the side." I asked him if he had been bandaged, and he said: "No; but I have my hand on the place, and I dare not let it go, for I fear I should bleed to death."

This officer to my knowledge held his hand upon this wound, made by a Mauser bullet, while he was being carried a distance of two miles. Such cases, however, were not frequent, for generally whenever a man got wounded some of the Red Cross aids were soon close by in attendance. They bandaged the men in the best way they could until the field ambulances came along and took them

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Carrying a wounded officer to the hospital.

to the hospital. At the hospital on the first day when the wounded arrived the scene was one of total confusion. They were scarcely ready at that time for the work of healing and attending the wounded. Operating surgeons were very scarce, and, while Major Wood was turning everything almost upside down in order to make the men comfortable, it was absolutely beyond his power to do them all service. In some instances anæsthetics were administered by persons ignorant of their use. Our losses were very heavy, for the stream of wounded men being brought in was almost continuous.

There were several operating tents, each with two or three operating tables in them, and these tables were all occupied until long into the night. Amputations and minor surgical operations were numerous. The heat of the day was awful. A driver of a provision wagon who had brought in a load of wounded men from the front, and had left them before one of the operating tents at the First Division Hospital, before taking his seat on the wagon to go out for another load went to his fore horse

to adjust some little disarrangement of the harness, when I saw him suddenly waver and fall almost at my feet. This man had been doing heroic duty in helping the wounded to the place where they would receive attention and be cared for when he was suddenly overcome by sunstroke. This seemed a pity, but it was the fortune of war. In a moment another man was at the ambulance, up on the seat, and off with the wagon as though nothing had happened. Helping hands raised the poor stricken driver, took him to a shady nook, and there accorded him attention.

While taking a picture at one of the operating tents of a man's leg being amputated, I had made two plates when suddenly I heard loud sobs. I turned to ask my assistant, Jim, for another holder, when I noticed tears streaming down his cheeks, his whole body shaking and trembling. Seeing that he was about to fall, I grasped him and asked him the cause of his trouble.

"Jack," he said, "I can stand to see these men shot. I saw them fall in battle; but this is something beyond my endurance."

With that he collapsed into my arms. It

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Major Wood, at Playa, directing disposition of the wounded.

was not the sight of a single amputation which taxed his powers, but the other scenes of the poor, helpless wretches sitting around and biding their time for an opportunity to come under the edge of the knife or the grinding teeth of the surgical saw with an expectancy and desire as strong apparently as that of the gallery gods at the side door of a popular playhouse waiting the hour when they can be admitted to purchase their tickets and see the performance. They were all anxious to have it over, and in some cases they displayed eagerness to undergo an operation which meant either life after suffering or death while suffering great pain.

After a man left the hands of the surgeon he was taken out from the operating tent and placed in a receiving tent, where he was supposed to get the necessary care and nourishment which his case required. As I went among these brave heroes, I was asked time and time again for a " drink," something that would buoy them up, something that would give them a little life. This was sadly wanting in this First Division Hospital. A man after undergoing a severe surgical opera-

tion wants some stimulant—something to strengthen his heart, something to act upon his nerves more beneficially than watching other men similarly afflicted undergoing as great or greater torture than that which he has just felt. But nothing in the way of brandy, whisky, or strychnine (which, I believe, is used in many case to strengthen the heart) was given. Not being a medical man, I may be wrong about strychnine, but I am positive from my own observations that many of the wounded suffered severely for want of a stimulant. I know that many a poor fellow lay there all that night through the drenching rain, and the following day also, with nothing but a cracker and a drink of water, when he should have had all the nourishment his case required. This was another case where General Mismanagement and General Neglect were in command.

It was hard to see these poor men suffering at this time, but one could not help them, as there was nothing to help them with. No one was to blame for this treatment but the officials in the service of Uncle Sam who were in charge of the various departments and who

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Wounded soldiers awaiting their turn at the operating tents.

permitted such lax work. It may answer some objectors when the statement is made that one man can not see that everything is done, but in my opinion this excuse does not fit the case. Has not the Government given these officials all the aid they want or could possibly use in the proper performance of the work in their departments, and are they not responsible just in the same manner as an employer in civil life holds responsible his superintendent and general manager? This shifting and dodging are characteristic of moss-covered officialdom and the doctrine of how not to do it. Surely the nation is entitled to at least a portion of the energy not spent in self-admiration and to a few moments of the time for which it pays more than ample remuneration.

As I went back toward the fighting line the roads were crowded with the wounded who were being brought in. At the cross roads near the San Juan River a scene met my eyes which I shall never forget—a scene that looked like cold-blooded and wanton cruelty. To this place the men were conducted from points of danger, in order that

they might be comparatively safe, and there they waited for the ambulances to come along and bear them to the rear. For hours and hours they were kept at this point, and all the encouragement the wounded soldiers received were words of cheer from the wounded comrade on his right or left. Each one seemed to think the case of the man next to him was more deserving of sympathy than his own.

I remember talking to one poor fellow who was shot in the back of the neck. I asked him how he came by a shot there. He said: "Well, I will tell you. It was my own company mate that did it. I was lying down in the grass, rather low, refilling my rifle, and I rose on my knee to fire, when suddenly my mate's gun was discharged and touched me."

In making further inquiries, I found that many laid the blame of their wounds on men in their own companies. It was impossible to see a man more than ten or fifteen feet beyond you in such high grass and shrubbery as the army encountered on its way to San Juan. Hence it was

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Cubans, near San Juan, carrying a wounded soldier to the rear.

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A wounded Rough Rider being helped to hospital by Cubans.

that men were shot by their own comrades.

The men who were killed were being buried as decently as circumstances would allow. One instance which I recall was that of four Cubans carrying one of our soldiers to the rear. They had borne him from the firing line to a point where he was free from immediate danger. He was very badly shot. This is one thing I can not understand: several men will be in a skirmish line together; a whole volley is fired from the Spanish trenches, and a man who is scarcely ten feet from another will escape every bullet, while the other man, his comrade on the right or left, will be pierced from head to foot. The man to whom I refer must have had six or seven bullet wounds in his body. The Cubans asked me if I had any water. I told them I had some in my canteen, and that I would give this poor fellow a drink. They stopped, and as they placed the litter down on the road I put the mouth of the canteen to the soldier's lips. But he was beyond the help of mortal. He had already breathed his last. His heart had ceased its beating and throbbing.

We took him aside, hastily dug a grave, and as we were about to cover him up with the earth, and there was no chaplain or theologian to administer the last rites to this poor dead man, I took it upon myself to say devoutly, " Earth to earth, and ashes to ashes," coupled with an earnest inward hope that he had gone to meet his God as a brave man should.

The Cubans were quite impressed with this simple ceremony, and at its conclusion, without waiting for anything, they started back to the line to aid others. I found that during the first and second days' fighting the Cubans had done good service in this manner.

The many requests I met at the hands of the wounded were varied and peculiar. Most of them bore their pain with great fortitude all through ; cries and moans were seldom heard, and only in cases of extreme agony would a sound be uttered. As they had shown bravery on the fighting line, so was their conduct under the lance, knife, saw, and needle of the surgeons. I saw several operations where the subjects entering emerged

victims, and as they were laid out for burial and Old Glory waved its folds above them I thought : Such is the hero's reward from his country; what his Maker gives we know not.

CHAPTER XIV.

SHARPSHOOTERS IN ACTION.

Persecution by Spanish marksmen—Narrow escapes from death—The capture of the blockhouse—Life in the trenches—The roll call.

I OMITTED to say that the second day's battle opened very early in the morning with volley firing from the Spanish trenches before Santiago, and was at once answered by the repeating fire of the American forces. I was that night camped at General Shafter's headquarters, and early in the morning, almost before daybreak, we were suddenly aroused by the noise. I quickly scrambled to my feet and inquired the cause from some of the troopers of the Fifth Artillery. I was told we were being fired upon by sharpshooters.

What caused the enemy's sharpshooters to make an attack upon General Shafter's headquarters was, I imagine, because they knew he was not in the field, but was off here

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Members of the Seventy-first Regiment searching for sharpshooters.

in his headquarters, five or six miles from the firing line. General Shafter was much indisposed during the first and second days' battle, and was continually confined to his cot. Most of the time an attendant was rubbing his head, for what purpose I can not imagine, but the general must have derived much comfort from it, for the man was engaged in a " continuous performance." I was rather surprised to know that a general in charge of such a force of men at such an important time would permit himself to be so far in the rear of his forces, but such was the information I personally acquired at this period.

The Fifth Artillery went in search of these sharpshooters, and they did not travel far before they located them in several large mango trees. These boys were angry at being interrupted during roll call and having to postpone their breakfast, and they made short shrift of these " dagoes " who dared perpetrate such a trick on the general's headquarters. These sharpshooters, I understand from reliable information, were men who had received sentences of life imprisonment for various crimes, and they were armed and sent

on this duty with the understanding that if they earned their freedom they might have it. They were told they were to be free men at the end of the war, but this was the perilous price which they had to pay. The stake was sufficient inducement to make them risk their lives, and many were prevented from finishing their term of service either in prison or in the ranks by our bullets.

Some troopers after breakfast were sent along to El Caney with hospital wagons to bring in the wounded to the general hospital. As I wanted to see El Caney again and get some good photographs of the town and the fort, it having been too late on the previous evening to make good pictures, I followed along with this detachment of troops. We had been warned that sharpshooters were all along the trail from general headquarters to El Caney. This was a march of four or five miles, and we were continually expecting some excitement. Nothing of importance, however, occurred except the false alarm given at intervals by those plagued land crabs. We soon arrived at the main road leading to El Caney. On reaching the gates and the

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On the hunt for Spanish sharpshooters near San Juan.

barricades with which this road had been fortified, we were suddenly fired upon from a blockhouse on a mountain just beyond this little town. At first I thought it was some of our own troops who were firing, through ignorance of who we were, but as I saw our men in the fort to our right waving and beckoning to us to lie low, I knew something else was up. We could not understand being fired upon, and thought it might possibly come from Cubans; but we were told by several Cubans who were with us that the blockhouse just beyond this town was still occupied by Spaniards. This did not affect us very materially, for I went to work and made several pictures of the town, its surroundings, and the blockhouse beyond.

The scene in and about this little town was awful. Dead bodies were lying around in profusion, dead horses were numerous, and the vultures were having quite a feast. The people of El Caney had not yet returned to the town, and, as a consequence, their dead had not been removed from the roadways and paths in which they were shot down. In crossing from one house on the outskirts of

this town and in going over the fences toward the church I came across a very pitiable sight in one of the back yards of one of the little shanties. A little boy had been going from one yard to another through a hole in the fence separating them, and had got about halfway through when he must have come in the line of a bullet or piece of shell fired from our artillery, for one side of his head was entirely blown away and the child lay flat on his face.

I returned to the lower road and made toward the main fort at El Caney, when firing was resumed more vigorously, and it became apparent that we were the targets of some Spaniards half or three quarters of a mile away. Our boys who were in the fort yelled and waved to us to get out of the line of their vision; but we were after pictures, and had to have them, so we stood the firing as long as was necessary.

When we reached an old tumble-down hovel which lay directly in front of the fort I halted my horse, and, as I wanted to have a somewhat elevated position for taking a photo, I stood up in the stirrups and held

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The town of El Caney the day after the battle.

my camera as high as I possibly could in order to make a picture of the surrounding country and the field of battle over which our boys had so gallantly charged on the preceding day. My man Jim was holding the horse's head, so as to keep him as still as possible, when suddenly a Mauser bullet caught Jim on the side of the cheek and just furrowed out the flesh. We decided then that we would no longer be targets for men securely sheltered at long range, where we could do them no harm even if we so desired.

We returned to the main road, intending to make our way to San Juan. After we had proceeded about half a mile I discovered that I had lost the releasing bulb from my camera. This was unpleasant information, as it was impossible for me to make any more pictures without this bulb, so we had to go back over the ground again to search for this requisite adjunct to my camera. We found it finally ten feet from where we started. Returning, we had to cross the line of fire of the Spaniards in the blockhouse who had tried to pink us before, and they did not refrain from firing at us on our way back. This time, how-

ever, we were fortunate in seeing some of our cavalry troops approaching, and when we met them we told them what had happened. They said they had heard of it, and were going to stop it. They advanced to the block-house, and after a short engagement the Spaniards within ignominiously surrendered, but there were only four miserable survivors in the party. They were brought in and placed with the other prisoners who were being sent to General Shafter's headquarters at Playa.

These men afterward quite frankly admitted to a sergeant that we were the only game they saw that morning, and they wanted to bag us if they could; that we came and made excellent targets for them, but they could not manage to hit us. This was pleasant news, and I congratulated myself upon their lack of skill in marksmanship; and I told them that had the conditions been reversed, and the gun been in my hand, the result might have been different. I then levelled my camera at them, and they thought it a diminutive magazine, for they shrank from it with fear and wonderment.

In bringing these prisoners captured at El Caney to the headquarters of General Shafter, they showed their dissatisfaction at having to walk the five or six miles intervening. They said: "Why do you take us so far to kill us? If you are going to kill us, why not do it here?" This was characteristic.

When they were told that they were to be taken to camp and fed on decent rations, they would scarcely believe it, looking upon our story as a fairy tale. It seemed to them incredible that after what they had done we should be so lenient to them as to spare their lives and, more than all, feed them as we fed our own soldiers. They knew right well that they would not treat American prisoners in the same way, but, far from seeing the superiority of our merciful code of ethics, they looked upon us with something akin to contempt. They probably recalled the treatment they had given the poor Cubans they captured, and they expected the same fate at our hands. They were, however, most agreeably disappointed.

When they arrived at Shafter's headquarters they were transferred to a camp, where

they were made comfortable, to await further disposition at General Shafter's convenience. Two lieutenants who were captured among the other prisoners at El Caney were brought to General Shafter. I interviewed and photographed them, after which ordeal they were ushered into the presence of General Shafter for cross-examination as to their position and for other information that they might be willing to give in regard to the Spanish forces. It was quite a contrast to see this soldierly Spanish lieutenant in the presence of General Shafter; for, while this officer stood erect with his hat in his hand and his blanket under his arm, General Shafter was reposing leisurely, without his uniform on, upon a couch, with an interpreter at one end of the couch and the Spanish lieutenant whom General Shafter was examining standing at the other.

I was at hand here to make a picture, as I thought it quite a good subject, when I was peremptorily ordered away by one of General Shafter's aids. This Spanish lieutenant was kept in the detention camp for two or three days, after which he was eventually exchanged for Lieutenant Hobson.

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Spanish lieutenants on the way to General Shafter's headquarters.

One was exchanged for Lieutenant Hobson.

I next proceeded to the front to find out how our boys were progressing. They had been at it hot and heavy all day, and as the afternoon came on large clouds, very ominous looking, were coming up in the southwest. The lightning became very vivid and loud peals of thunder were heard, and soon a severe thunderstorm burst over the entire field of action. The rain came down in torrents, and it was a cold, midwinter rain. It was so cold that some of the drops turned into hail. I made for a sheltering tree, and covered my camera and plates with a rubber blanket, while we got soaked to the skin ourselves. This storm lasted for an hour or so, when suddenly the sun broke forth from behind clouds and sent its rays in all their tropical intensity down upon the scene, which was soon a reeking and stewing mass. The firing did not cease during this little wetting. It continued until nightfall.

Life with the troops in the trenches at night is not very enjoyable, yet it is well worth the experience for the novelty of the thing. At night, when hostilities have apparently ceased, the soldiers intrench them-

selves and throw up breastworks, and by other means seek to fortify themselves against the attacks of the enemy on the coming day. While in this position it is desirable and necessary that one should conceal one's self, and no fire can be lit for the purpose of cooking a pot of coffee or frying a little bacon, so one has to subsist upon hard-tack and water. This diet makes life in the trenches almost unbearable.

As soon as one has become comfortably ensconced and darkness has set in, squads of men are sent out to hunt for a good supply of water. A man starts off with a dozen canteens strung from his shoulder, always on the alert for what may happen. Pickets are stationed and outposts are cautioned to be on the alert, for a sudden night attack is always to be guarded against. Those with tobacco had a luxury, and those having matches were equally fortunate, for a match that is able to do duty after much service in the pocket of a private drenched with rain and sweat was a jewel of the first water, indeed, and one not frequently found. Tobacco is all right if you have it; therefore matches were at a high

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United States trooper and Cuban scouts trailing Spanish sharpshooters.

premium. The men were all eager at this time to learn who had been taken off by the day's engagement, and who had been left with them. The officers were very busy finding out how many men they had lost, for while in battle it was the duty of every man to go forward, even if his brother should drop by his side, so long as he was able to hold a gun and fire a bullet. It was the duty of those who followed to take care of the wounded, and how well they did it is fully exemplified by the small list of missing on the rolls of our army at the present time.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE.

How Cervera's squadron put out of Santiago and was destroyed—Photographing the stranded ships—A capture of Spanish prisoners.

SUNDAY, July 3, 1898, will long be remembered in the navy of Uncle Sam. The long-looked-for fleet of Admiral Cervera was at hand, and there was to be an engagement. The Maine was to be remembered. The fleet which Spain had sent to Cuba, and which had been playing at hide-and-seek until bottled up in Santiago, was now to make that memorable dash out of the harbour—in truth an effort for liberty, glory, or death. The sinking of the Merrimac had not stopped the fleet of Cervera from making its exit from the harbour. The brave Lieutenant Hobson and the heroes who accompanied him, who at the risk of their lives went in there and sank the Merrimac in order that Cervera might not be able

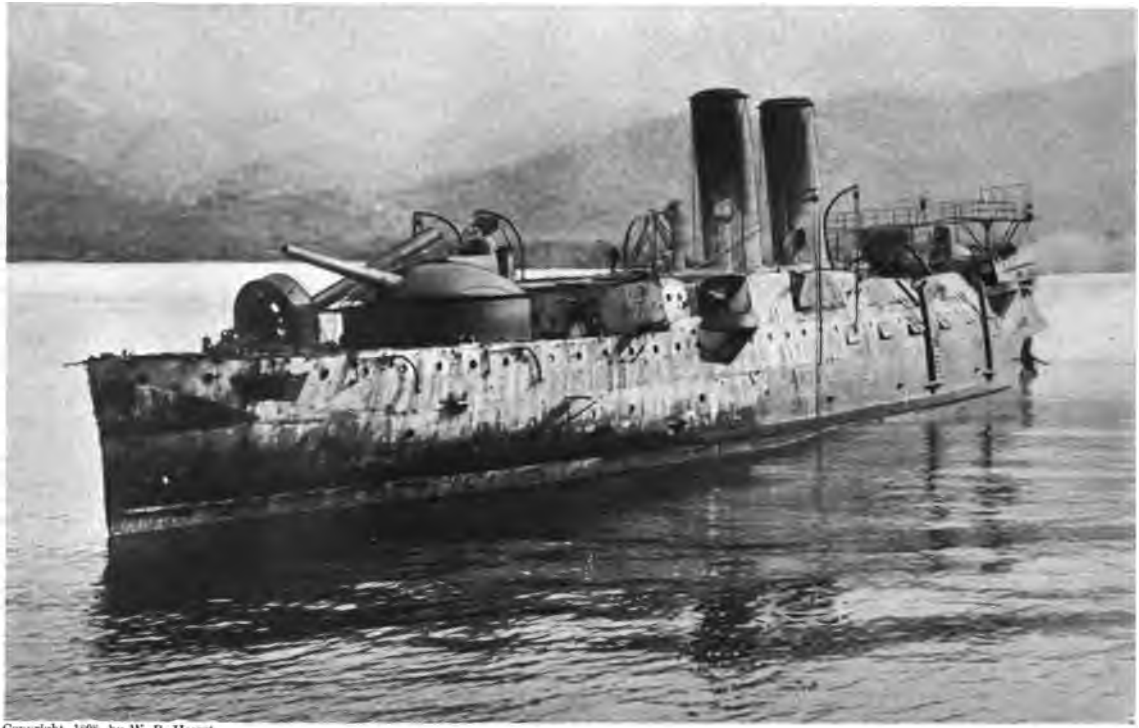
to get his fleet out of the long neck of this harbour, which was likened to a bottle, did not have the pleasure of seeing this fleet destroyed, for it was not until three days after the destruction of this fleet that these brave men were released by exchange from the hands of the enemy.

On this beautiful Sunday morning, as the men were just finishing quarters, a lookout on one of the ships of the blockading squadron suddenly saw in the distance a column of smoke rising over the land close by the harbour entrance, which appeared to be the smoke issuing from the funnel of a steamer which was making headway toward the mouth of the harbour of Santiago. This was reported to the signal quartermaster, who sent the news to the officer of the deck on his ship. The news was flashed around the fleet with surprising quickness, and every one was at once on deck scanning the entrance of Santiago harbour with glasses. It did not take long to determine that something unusual was on foot, and before long the foremost of the vessels in this line composing Admiral Cervera's fleet, the Maria Teresa, which

was Admiral Cervera's flagship, made its appearance round the headland and a dash for the open sea. The ships of the American fleet were not expecting this movement, and they were not at all prepared for it as they would have been had they been forewarned. But it does not take long for an American Jacky to adapt himself to any circumstances.

Signals were soon flying from the Brooklyn, the flagship of Admiral Schley, for Admiral Sampson was absent, having gone to the eastward as far as Siboney to have a consultation with General Shafter; therefore the duty of destroying the Spanish fleet fell to Admiral Schley and the captains of the various ships, and how admirably they did it the world knows.

The last time I saw the Oquendo and the Viscaya was the evening upon which I sailed out of Havana harbour and so defiantly waved the Stars and Stripes of America. Now they were about to do what brave Captain Eulate had said when he visited New York some time prior to the declaration of war—namely, that if the time ever came to show the power of the Viscaya, the American peo-



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The wreck of the Viscaya.

ple would be surprised at her efficiency; but, alas! she was doomed to a sad fate, and Eulate to a like disappointment. Whatever his plans or whatever the ideas of victory the Spaniards nursed within their swarthy breasts were soon brought to naught.

At the time the fleet emerged from beyond the fortress of the Morro the ships seemed to be heading for the gallant cruiser Brooklyn. It looked as though they intended to concentrate their force on this fast cruiser, crush her by overwhelming odds, and then speed off with what remained of their fleet, leaving the slow-going battle ships to follow after them as they disappeared. But it takes two to make a plan, and the more is this to be considered when the two concerned are not on terms of amity. They had heard of the Brooklyn's speed; they knew of her effectiveness; they knew she was their main opponent; and they thought that by disabling or destroying her they might make their escape. From us, a long distance away on the Sylvia, it appeared that they were making directly for the Brooklyn, with the intention of annihilating her before she had a

chance to recover from the first surprise and onslaught. But soon this seemingly hazardous position was changed into one of aggressive activity. Captain Cook, of the Brooklyn, was not to be caught napping, but by a series of splendid manœuvres he got the Brooklyn into a position where she became a formidable aggressor instead of the object of attack. Things changed in such short order that it was absolutely impossible for one like myself, unacquainted with naval tactics and evolutions, to comprehend the object and purpose of the movements, and yet how plain the advantage when it was all completed! At a distance of three or four miles I watched the annihilation of this Cape de Verde fleet.

Coming out of the harbour of Santiago, the following order was observed: The first ship flying Spain's flag was the Maria Teresa, the flagship of Admiral Cervera. She was followed by the Viscaya, the Cristobal Colon, the Almirante Oquendo, and the two torpedo boats, Furor and Pluton. As soon as they were outside Morro they opened fire. The forts assisted the fleet, and it seemed to

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The wreck of the Cristobal Colon.

me as though the American squadron was doomed to serious loss. They exchanged shots in rapid succession, when all at once the Spanish fleet altered their course and made off to the westward in an attempt to escape. They had not proceeded more than three or four miles before the Maria Teresa was in a helpless condition and made for the beach. The men under Admiral Cervera on the Maria Teresa fought gallantly, as far as we could see. After she had surrendered and the Gloucester had run the two torpedo boats ashore, the Oquendo quickly followed, and, after an unequal battle, Captain Eulate, of the Viscaya, was compelled to do likewise. This left but the Colon, and the Brooklyn was in hot pursuit of her, the Oregon and the Texas also following. This was a most rapid chase, and a slow boat was nowhere in it, and could not even keep sight of these flying ocean batteries. As the Brooklyn bounded after the Colon, it was a sight to make glad an American soul. She absolutely leaped through the water at a speed almost unknown hitherto ; flames poured forth from her smokestacks, and it was evi-

dent that the men in the fire room were doing their duty like true men on this occasion. It seemed as though they were pouring oil on the coals instead of ordinary fuel, so as to get all possible speed out of the vessel. Talk about having a bone in her teeth—she had several. Captain Cook did not intend to lose this prize, therefore all steam and power were put on. The men at the batteries were firing as they gradually closed in on her, when suddenly they came abreast and the secondary batteries of the Brooklyn could be seen pouring a most destructive fire into the Spaniard.

After a chase of about two hours and a half the Colon was cornered, and at about half past one she ran her bows on the beach at Rio Tarquino, about fifty miles from Santiago. Captain Cook sent a boat to the Colon to receive the surrender. The captain of the Colon asked him under what conditions the surrender was required. The reply called for an unconditional surrender.

The Spaniards then gave three cheers for the brave *Americanos*, and the crew of the Brooklyn answered back with three hearty

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The Oregon in fighting trim.

cheers for the Spaniards. When the men were taken prisoners and removed to the different boats a great many of the men and officers were taken on board the Resolute, formerly the Ward Line steamship Yorktown, other prisoners being sent to the flagship New York and the Vixen. The New York, Texas, and Oregon stood by the defeated ship for some hours, the Brooklyn leaving in a hurry, as she had received word from some source or another that a Spanish war ship was seen to the southward. Her men were hastily called to quarters, and they were prepared for another battle, only to find after a long run that the boat sighted was not a Spanish, but an Austrian cruiser. The Oregon returned then to Santiago. On her way back I had the pleasure of making one of the most striking pictures of a battle ship that it has been my pleasure and good fortune to take. The men were all in high glee and the ship was in fighting trim, and she looked the very bulldog of the American navy that she is.

The sunken ships—but scarcely can we call them that, for, while they were beached,

they were not much submerged—were sent on to the beach head foremost, and were lying in two or three fathoms of water. When they were run on shore a great many of the sailors and minor officers swam ashore and escaped toward Santiago; others who tried to escape had made for the beach at Aserradero. A party of Cubans who were doing scout duty in and about this point saw some Spanish sailors escaping, and as they approached the shore the Cubans shot them in the water, and the water was stained with the blood of these fleeing wretches. Many of their bodies were washed ashore by the surf, and they were taken charge of by the Cubans and spread out as a feast for vultures and buzzards.

Returning from the Colon late in the afternoon, she and her consorts presented a dilapidated and terrible sight. What had once been the bright and buoyant hope of the Spanish navy were now helpless hulks strewn along Cuba's southern shore.

The next day was the 4th of July. We awoke about five o'clock in the morning, lying off the Viscaya. Captain Clark had

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Cuban soldiers awaiting Spanish sailors.

run the Sylvia out to the Viscaya, so that we might be on hand the first thing in the morning to get some good pictures of this wrecked vessel. We passed close to her and took views from all possible positions, after which we put off in a whaleboat and boarded her. As we came alongside the Viscaya, in climbing up the sea ladder, we found it almost too hot to place our hands upon her. Our party consisted of Mr. Hearst, Mr. Follansbee, the ship's mate, and several others, and we boarded her and saw the terrible havoc that fire and shell had wrought. The girders which supported the main deck were twisted into every conceivable grotesque shape. The gun deck and the superstructure were totally demolished ; all the woodwork, which had been so beautifully cleaned and polished, was destroyed. Nothing combustible could be found. The charred remains of many of the sailors were strewn around, some hanging from the iron girders and beams in all sorts of positions. Carcasses of animals were also to be found. We made a thorough investigation and secured a great many souvenirs, consisting of Mauser rifles, revolvers, and

bunches of keys. From one of the fourteen-centimetre turrets I took a roster the glass of which had been cracked into small bits by the intense heat of the fire on the Viscaya.

Below decks holes had been ripped through her sides, and one or two shells had pierced her protected belt. In her forecastle terrible havoc had been wrought by a large shell. Either a magazine or a torpedo had been exploded by this shell, and the foremast had been entirely uprooted and thrown across the bridge, totally demolishing it. The upper gun deck and the smokestacks and the places where the rapid-fire guns had been mounted were literally blown to pieces.

The forward ten-inch rifle was seemingly in perfect condition. It was pointed at a rather high elevation, and possibly this accounts for the many shots going over the vessels at which she aimed. As we proceeded along the full length of the Viscaya we came to the quarter-deck, and there saw most horrible havoc. The deck was as bare as a billiard ball. Everything was consumed; everything had been made away with that was inflammable. The after ten-inch rifle was in

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An interior view of the wrecked Viscaya.

the same condition as the gun forward, but it was loaded. The men had evidently left it in a hurry. On the starboard side an abrasion was plainly visible, and it looked as though she had been hit here by one of our shells. I raised myself to the top of the after turret, and made several views of the interior; I also made several views looking forward toward the bridge from the quarter-deck. The mainmast had been smashed, and had fallen obliquely across this after gun. The beautiful decorative work which made the Viscaya so conspicuous when she was in New York and Havana harbours had been torn off her stern, evidently to disguise her, as her name was very conspicuous on this decorative work when I last saw her. Everything of this kind had been ripped from her, and nothing had been left but a small wreath, on which was the word "Viscaya." Several large holes, apparently made by shells from the eight-inch rifles on our ships, were seen on her starboard quarter. After this we left the Viscaya and proceeded to the Oquendo.

As we reached the side of the Oquendo the Suwanee hove in sight, and Lieutenant

Blue and a boat's crew put off for the shore in answer to the signal of a white flag on the beach. As they approached the shore, the breakers and surf were so heavy that Lieutenant Blue was thrown from the boat into the water. All efforts made to land here were without avail, and after a time they gave up the idea and returned to their vessel. It was at this point that I found great difficulty in our launch trying to make pictures of the Oquendo. The breakers rolled in with tremendous force. I succeeded, however, in making a view from the launch showing the terrible hammering on the starboard plates of the Oquendo. About amidships the work of our big guns was strikingly manifest. The sponsons of the rapid-fire guns were completely demolished, and the guns were hanging down over the side ready to drop at any moment. As we were hovering around the Oquendo an explosion occurred from one of her guns, caused evidently by the intense heat, for she was still on fire and smoking badly. It was impossible to board her at this time; we were, indeed, cautioned not to go on board her, as

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Starboard-bow view of the Viscaya.

her magazines were likely to explode at any moment.

We next proceeded toward the Maria Teresa, which lay closer to the Morro. Close by her we saw a large party on shore, which through our glasses appeared to be a party of Cubans. They were waving a white flag, and as we hove in sight they tried their best to attract our attention, in which effort they succeeded. We went in as close to the Maria Teresa as was safe, and made several pictures from the Sylvia, after which Mr. Hearst, myself, and my man put off in the steam launch and made for the surf to investigate the fellows ashore. As we approached the beach we could plainly see that these men were more naked than clothed, and we hesitated for a while before deciding what we should do. We saw also that a great many of the men were armed with machetes and Mauser rifles, and thus it was doubtful whether they were Spaniards or Cubans. At last we made up our minds to run the chances, and if these were Spaniards to take them prisoners. After a lot of tossing and being thrown about by the heavy breakers, we landed. When we

reached the beach we found these men were sailors who had escaped from the Spanish vessels. Nineteen were from the Viscaya, three from the Oquendo, seven from the Maria Teresa, making a total of twenty-nine. After making an impression upon these poor wretches and flashing our firearms we gave them to understand that they were our prisoners. The Cubans helped us to get the men into a boat, and they were soon on board the Sylvia.

During our stay on the beach waiting the return of our launch several bodies from the Maria Teresa were washed ashore. We took these bodies into the woods and buried them as best we could.

The wreckage that was being thrown on shore was varied in its nature. I found a six-inch shell case, and also a pair of marine glasses. These I value as mementos of this great and glorious naval engagement. After getting these men to the Sylvia, we proceeded in our boat and thoroughly overhauled the Maria Teresa. When we got on board the Maria Teresa a sight met our eyes which was much worse than any we had

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Our party capturing Spanish sailors.

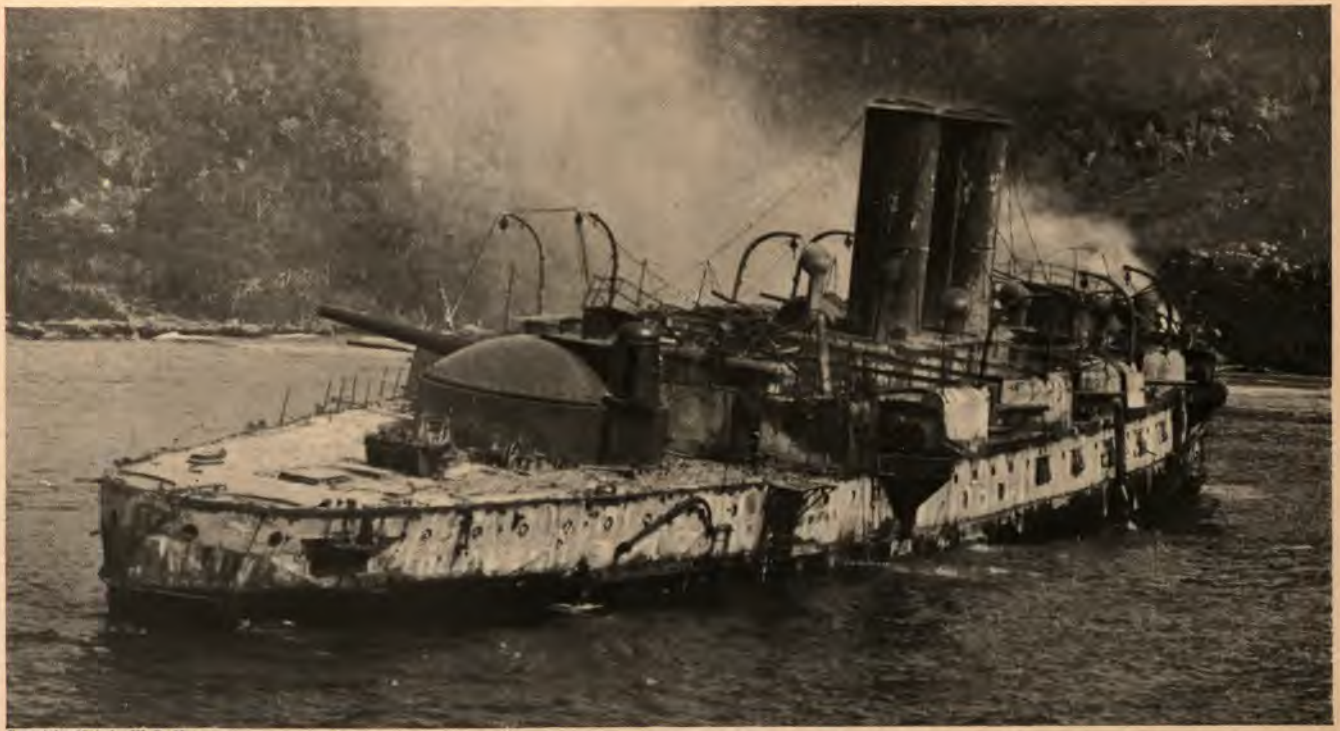
experienced while on board the Viscaya. Charred bodies of many of the sailors were plainly visible on all parts of the gun deck. No matter where you went, there you would find them. On the port side of this ship the guns were all empty and the breech plugs missing from all the guns, having been thrown overboard before the surrender. On the starboard side the guns were in position and loaded, with the breech blocks in position. It was evident that they had no chance to fire the guns of the starboard battery, for as she proceeded along the coast from Morro, going in a westerly direction, nothing but her port battery was exposed to the American fleet.

We heard from the sailors who had been taken prisoners that the men had refused to serve at the guns when they saw it was a hopeless case, and, instead of the men in the fire rooms of these vessels remaining at their posts and pouring in their fuel, as did our men, they were continually running to the upper deck, looking for a chance to escape. They positively refused to serve at either the guns or the engines. We were told by our

prisoners that the officers had shot with their revolvers nineteen men who had refused to comply with the orders which were given by the admiral on his flagship.

The foremast of the Maria Teresa had been uprooted by some cause, possibly by a large shell, for it fell directly lengthwise of the boat toward the stern. In the fighting top of the Maria Teresa I found a magazine full of cartridges that belonged to a rapid-fire gun; also a partly burned pack of Spanish cards which had been almost totally destroyed, but just in the middle of the pack where the fire, although it had been smouldering for hours, had not effected its work, there were five or six cards almost as perfect as when new, but dirty and begrimed from constant use. It may have been that during the idle moments on board the flagship in the harbour of Santiago the men, having nothing else to do, whiled away the hours in playing the limit with these Spanish cards. I took these cards, thinking what a unique memento they would make.

We now returned to the Sylvia to find out how our Spanish prisoners were getting



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The wreck of the Oquendo.

along. We found them on the forward deck, being cared for by our party and the crew. Their wounds, bruises, and broken bones were being attended to by our party, who had turned themselves into a corps of hospital attendants. It was here that I met a Spanish sailor whom I knew. He had been Captain Eulate's orderly while the Viscaya was in Havana Bay, and during my stay in Havana at the Pasaje Hotel it was his duty to bring despatches and orders to the officers staying there. He recognised me as I came on board the Sylvia, and told me how pleased he was that it was all over. I asked him if they expected to escape, and he said they certainly did not, and their only hope was that they would go through the fight with as little loss as possible. They were glad to be rid of the strain and anxiety they had undergone for so many weeks, and they were also glad to be in the hands of such tender and generous foes as the *Americanos*.

Just then the good fighting Texas hove alongside. We had signalled her that we had some prisoners on board, and she informed

us that, while she could not take them, it would be best for us to transfer them to the St. Louis, which was about to sail for Key West. As the Texas was close to us, I told our Spanish prisoners that the American boys would like them to give three cheers for the day, as it was the glorious 4th of July, Independence Day of the Americans. One of the Spanish prisoners who understood English, and doubtless belonged to the republicans of his country, said the sailors would gladly join in cheering the Americans, for while the day commemorated an anniversary of Independence Day with the Americans, that he looked upon it as independence day for his countrymen. I mounted the rail with the Spanish prisoners, and waving the same little flag that I had flaunted in their faces on leaving Havana when seeing the Viscaya and Oquendo in a more noble condition than was now presented by them, the same flag that covered the graves of the Maine heroes in Colon cemetery, the same little flag that was placed on the grave of that brave Rough Rider Hamilton Fish, who died for his country at Las Guasimas, these Spanish prisoners

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The Maria Teresa.

gave three as lusty cheers as ever came from men's throats.

The boys on the Texas appreciated it, and, as the echo of the three cheers for "George Washington and Old Glory" were dying out the boys of the Texas took it up and gave three more, with a "tiger." Mr. Hearst then ordered that these prisoners should have plenty to eat and drink, and after they had their wounds dressed and they were clothed in the best we could give them, many of them being naked when we found them, we steamed alongside the St. Louis and transferred them, Mr. Hearst getting a receipt for them.

We now proceeded to Siboney, where we found that Mr. Creelman had been brought from the field hospital by Mr. Follansbee, and they were waiting our arrival. After taking them on board, we proceeded to Port Antonio with the pictures we had made during the last two days.

I was now busily engaged for some time in developing my plates, and it was an anxious moment to me as we went bounding over the choppy waters of the Caribbean Sea.

Seasickness did not bother me then, as I was too anxious to see the results of the negatives made on such an important occasion. I found I had got some great results, and before we had reached Port Antonio they were all ready for printing.

The next day, Tuesday, July 5th, I made some prints from them, which we sent by mail, and we then returned to Siboney. At daylight on the morning of July 7th we lowered a boat, and I and my man once more went on board the Maria Teresa to get some interior views. While thus engaged the little Gloucester hove in sight, and she put off a boat, which came alongside the Maria Teresa, when to my surprise who should I see jump out of the boat but Lieutenant Hobson, who had been exchanged, and was now accompanied by the board of inspection who were to report on the condition of the wrecked vessels and the advisability of making efforts to raise them. I could not resist the strong impulse to grasp the hero of the Merrimac by the hand when he reached the deck of the vessel, or rather not the deck, for there was no deck to the vessel now, but the

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Lieutenant Hobson and commission boarding the Maria Teresa.

iron beams which had once supported the deck. While standing here, Lieutenant Hobson gazed around him and said, " Indeed, this is a terrible wreck." He was bareheaded, having lost his hat overboard, and the sun was pouring down its rays very severely. I offered him my hat, and he said, " Oh, no, the men will recover my hat as soon as the rest of the commission are on board."

It was here that I had an opportunity to get a good chat with Lieutenant Hobson. I asked how the Spaniards treated him, and he said that, considering everything, the treatment was very fair. He said he did not learn of Cervera leaving Santiago harbour until several days afterward, when he was exchanged, and heard it while passing through the Spanish lines. He told me his reception by the troops of the army was something he was proud of, something he never had anticipated, but which would leave a lasting and profound impression upon him. He said it was a triumphal march practically from Santiago to Siboney, with his hands being shaken all the way and questions poured on him from all sides. Reaching Siboney, he was

taken off in a launch to the flagship of Admiral Sampson, and, after spending the night there, he started to duty with this commission.

I went with him in and about the Maria Teresa, and saw a great deal of this vessel. Lieutenant Hobson told me then that he thought it possible to save this ship, as she was not injured below her protective deck to any serious extent, and that the water now in her came from the tube of the after torpedo. On Sept. 25th, the Maria Teresa was floated and towed to Guantanamo Bay, proving that Lieut. Hobson's judgment was correct. He said that he regretted not having seen this battle, but he was very pleased that he had been safe from the bombardment of Santiago, which had occurred a few days previous. It will be remembered that Admiral Cervera had caused Hobson and his comrades to be removed to a post far distant from our line of fire some days before the bombardment began, by Admiral Sampson's demand.

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Interior view of the Maria Teresa.

CHAPTER XVI.

SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO.

General Miles prevents a retreat—General Toral yields to moral suasion and gives up the city.

GENERAL MILES'S arrival at Siboney, and his appearance at the headquarters of General Shafter, where they had a long consultation, put a different face upon affairs for our troops lying in front of Santiago. General Shafter, according to the reports in camp, for several days had been contemplating a retreat. The rank and file had been made aware of his object and were strenuously objecting to it. As one officer remarked, "What possible benefit is to be derived from a retreat at this time?" There were no fortifications upon which they could fall back, and the only defences in the rear were the breastworks thrown up by the men in the trenches. They had fought their way from Siboney,

commencing with the battle of the Rough Riders and ending with the taking of the heights of San Juan. The base of supplies was in no peril of capture; there was no danger of being cut off by the enemy; there was absolutely nothing to warrant a retreat; and would it not have been a case of "rattles," ignorance, and cowardice jumbled together to have ordered a retreat? Those officers who had looked the matter over could see no advantage to be obtained by falling back. They had gained a fortified position, and there was no ground for fear that they could be driven back from this position, for they already had repulsed a severe attack. General Shafter had been told, it is said, that the enemy was present with a much larger force than he had at his command; he was told that they had supplies and ammunition in abundance. Hence his desire to fall back. Now, had this information been received by a soldier of the ability of General Miles, a man whose physique does not burden him in warm weather, he would doubtless have reconnoitred for himself. He would then have taken the view that as his men had gained the position

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The wreck of the Reina Mercedes.

against the most stubborn resistance of the enemy's forces, they could doubtless withstand any attack upon the fortified place they were then occupying.

General Shafter was looking for help from the fleet under Admiral Sampson, but at this time the ships were powerless to aid. They could not assist General Shafter and the land forces, for had they used their great guns in shelling the Spanish position they would have placed in great danger from their fire the United States Army forces in the trenches before Santiago. Possibly, if some of the siege guns and field artillery furnished to Shafter and transported to Cuba in the steamers which carried the troops had been landed at Siboney, instead of being stupidly carted back to the United States, it might have put a different aspect on affairs. Had General Shafter gone among the men from regiment to regiment, and brigade to brigade, and ascertained their spirit, he possibly would not have contemplated falling back. I say that it was very fortunate that General Miles arrived when he did. General Miles, with his experience and skill, saw at a

glance the false position in which General Shafter would place the American army by ordering a retreat. General Miles made up his mind that no retreat should take place, let the consequences be what they might. Under a flag of truce a communication was made with General Toral, asking for an audience. The granting of the audience was another point gained by General Miles. He decided to "work a bluff" on the Spaniards, and thereby gain a victory without loss of life. When General Miles told General Toral of his wishes, the magnitude of the demands seemed to paralyze him. General Miles informed the Spanish general that he was then landing at our base of supplies a large army of re-enforcements, with which he could annihilate any and all forces that could be opposed to them by Spain. The transports arrived at the same time with General Miles, and they were now lying between Santiago and Siboney. They were in plain sight of the signal tower on Morro Castle. This arrival and show of force had been signalled and made known from Morro to the army of Spain, and it was known broadcast that we were

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Port-side view of the Maria Teresa, showing guns without breech blocks.

making a big demonstration. When General Toral told General Miles that he was willing to surrender but had not the power to do so from Madrid, General Miles told him that there was no time to waste, and that he had no intention of waiting for communications from Madrid; that our forces were then in position to demand an unconditional surrender. General Toral murmured against the terms and General Miles said: "Do you realize this is a war undertaken by my Government in the interests of humanity suffering at the hands of Spain? Do you realize the country with which you are at war—its vastness and resources? Do you realize that for you to continue this unequal fight would be brutal—you would be making men face certain defeat and death? Do you realize that history would record your refusal to surrender under the circumstances as a crime against your command? If you had a chance such as is presented in an equal combat I would be the last to urge you to surrender. I would say, 'Fight, and fight to the last.' Surrender would never come up as a thought in my mind if the forces were equal. But look at

what we have done. We have landed here in your country, and in the face of your opposition and the climatic difficulties we have routed you from your very strongest position; and if we could rout you from this position you can scarcely drive us back. We are now in a position to demand your absolute and unconditional surrender. Therefore, if you do not surrender we shall force you to do so. But it is my duty, being in charge of this invading army, to end the fight as humanely as possible, but to end it."

After General Miles had made himself fully understood, General Toral considered the matter and did the best thing possible under the circumstances. He surrendered on July 17th. Mark you, I do not say it was the best thing for General Toral, for when our troops entered Santiago, when the surrender was made positive, it was seen that the Spanish forces were plentifully furnished with ammunition and supplies, and it is my opinion that they could have held out much longer. But it was this man of will, this man of force, this man who went and saw and conquered—

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The New York signalling off Santiago.

the man to have in command in time of war. This man was General Miles, whom the United States can thank this time and henceforth for the short and sweet campaign necessary to take Cuba.

CHAPTER XVII.

RETURN OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.

General Wheeler and Colonel Roosevelt welcomed at Camp Wikoff—Suffering of troops at Montauk Point—Home coming of the Seventy-first—Contrast between naval militia and volunteers.

THE selection of Montauk Point as a camp site for the soldiers returning from Santiago was supposed to be an ideal one. At first it was thought that the troops who had gained Santiago would be sent into the mountains of Cuba to recuperate and then be transported to Porto Rico, but it was decided at the last moment, through a forceful letter from Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, to send them north. Colonel Roosevelt positively stated in his communication that if the troops were not at once shipped from the fever-stricken district of Santiago and the surrounding country to some healthy and sanitary camp they would die off like

Rough Riders assembled at Camp Wikoff on day of arrival.

sheep. Although these men were sent away almost immediately after the statement of Colonel Roosevelt, yet the events recorded after their arrival at Montauk Point—the deaths from illness and starvation—show clearly and in as strong a light as possible that wisdom and practical sense of uncommonly high order are attributes which Colonel Roosevelt possesses in company with his other better known qualities. Our men died like sheep afflicted with a plague. But if this fate befell them in the comparatively wholesome surroundings of Camp Wikoff, what unspeakable horrors might not history have had to record had the army been suffered to remain in the pest-laden camps of Santiago de Cuba!

Here is an instance of the general incompetence displayed which came under my notice at Camp Wikoff: A transport engaged to take troops and stores to Santiago at the time the army of invasion was lying at Key West brought back troops to Montauk Point. The story goes that the captain of the vessel sent word to the department from which his order came that he had something in the

hold of the ship for delivery somewhere, but the exact spot he did not know. On investigation it was found that some field artillery had been stowed all the time in the hold of this ship. By rights it should have been landed at Siboney, but it was carried back to the United States in this vessel without being touched. This is but one example of the slipshod manner in which everybody's business proved to be nobody's business.

After dumping our troops into these "prison hulks" and pest holes, of which so much has been written and said that there exists no need for me to add more, they arrived in course of time and debarked in an emaciated and debilitated condition at Camp Wikoff. After all the opportunity for gaining experience that the heads of the different departments at Washington had had, one would conclude that Camp Wikoff at Montauk Point would have been a splendidly equipped and organized camp for the return of our troops from Cuba. The contrary was the case.

When the sick and wounded reached Camp Wikoff the hospital tents were unfin-

General Wheeler and General Young at Camp Wikoff.

ished, and even tents of the ordinary type were not there in sufficient number to give these men good and necessary shelter from the weather. Still the boys were glad to be on Uncle Sam's soil again, and right well did they enjoy it. Those who were able to make it known did so, and those too weak to make any demonstration showed in their pallid and suffering faces their delight to get back home once more.

In marked and pleasing contrast to the enfeebled and emaciated troops landed from the pestiferous transports at Montauk Point was the condition presented by the three hundred men of the Naval Militia of New York and Brooklyn as they marched up Broadway on September 3d. These men had been in service since April 24th, when they embarked on the Yankee (formerly the Morgan liner El Norte), participating in the bombardment of Santiago and the seizure of Guantanamo Bay. On June 13th the Yankee chased and sunk the Spanish gunboat Diego Velasco, and later on did excellent duty, winning honour in nine separate engagements in Cuban waters. The Yankee was chosen to take part in Com-

modore Watson's proposed expedition to Spain, and her brave sailors were much disappointed when the peace negotiations rendered that demonstration unnecessary. The Yankee returned to New York on August 28th with a clean bill of health.

The sailors, as they marched through the city on a broiling afternoon, looked in the pink of condition, healthy and hard as nails. Heads erect, eyes bright, faces tanned, expressions animated, every movement full of vitality, they did credit to the navy they served

The poor soldiers presented another and sadder phase of the campaign, utterly discreditable to the military authorities responsible, of which the Seventy-first was perhaps the most pitiable and forcible example.

Probably the return of the Rough Riders was the event which excited more popular interest than the return of any other single regiment. Part of the First Cavalry which had been left behind at Tampa had already arrived at Camp Wikoff and had selected a camp in a beautiful location. I say a beautiful location because it was on a high hill sur-

rounded by a nice little pond where there was a chance for the men to take a bath and otherwise have access to ocean breezes and other health-producing conditions. Camp Wikoff is not an ideal camp, for an ideal camp would have possessed some large shade trees. If a man wanted shade at Camp Wikoff he had to remain under the folds of his tent, for once outside he was in the rays of a sun as intense as those he met at Santiago.

On the morning of the arrival of the transport Miami at Montauk Point things were in a state of intense excitement. Colonel Roosevelt and his men were on board, as were also General Wheeler and part of his staff, so that the landing of this boat and its complement of troops was quite an interesting scene. The Miami came alongside the dock about 11 o'clock. Colonel Edwards had charge of the dock, and he formed around it and the shore a heavy guard of the regular coloured troops. It was impossible to induce these troops to permit me to gain admittance to a much coveted position on the dock. A freight train, however, had backed up into position near the landing place, so I hastily made

for the top of a freight car and secured a good position, from which I took pictures of the troops as they came ashore. A large crowd of friends of the Rough Riders and soldiers had gathered at the dock, some coming in by the morning train, as the reports in the morning papers had made known that they were expected to arrive at this time.

Among the very first to land from the Miami after she had made fast were General Wheeler and Colonel Roosevelt. General Wheeler was greeted with brotherly affection by General Young, while Colonel Roosevelt was met by his brother-in-law, and they hugged each other like schoolboys. Every one pressed forward, and it looked as though the line of soldiers would be broken by the surging crowd. Soon Mrs. John A. Logan, the widow of "Old Black Jack," was seen making her way through the lines, and with the permission of the general in charge met General Wheeler and Colonel Roosevelt, and congratulations were extended to both by this venerable lady. As General Wheeler approached, some one in the crowd yelled, "Three cheers for General Wheeler and San

Colonel Roosevelt greeted by Mrs. John A. Logan on his arrival at Camp Wikoff.

Juan!" This was taken up and the three cheers were given lustily. The general doffed his little white helmet in due appreciation of the courtesy. The troops as they marched off the transport seemed very weary and careworn from the hardships undergone. The ranks of some of the companies were sorrowfully depleted and showed the sad havoc of the fever, exposure, the Mauser bullets, and the terrible warfare they had passed through. Some of the worst ailing, who were not able to make the landing unaided, were assisted by their comrades, and many a sorrowful sight met the eyes of the bystanders, who wanted to go in and take on their shoulders these helpless heroes who so well deserved it, but the guard line was too strong to permit of any such breach of discipline. Although there was no fever on board the troops were marched off to the detention camp for the time being.

When the men arrived in camp I went in and around and visited a great many of my old friends whom I had known for years. I first came upon "Yale" Greenway, the man who had been so prominent in Yale athletics

for years. He had been the mainstay of the baseball and football teams—in fact, he had been a leader in all branches of athletics in his college. He also distinguished himself with the Rough Riders in Cuba, and he looked as healthy as though he had never experienced a hardship. His athletic training and his physical condition induced by his athletic exercises carried him safely through this trying ordeal. Lieutenant Woodbury Kane was also there, and welcomed me with a glad smile. While he was writing a telegram to some of his friends to apprise them of his safe return I took a shot at him, and I am now the proud possessor of the negative.

Among the others I saw and who had returned with honours were Craig Wadsworth, the Knobloch brothers, Bull, of Harvard, also those sterling athletes Larned and Wrenn. It was a treat to see these men anxiously grab the loaves and fishes that were dished out for their first meal. They were at home again, and glad of it. They made much of this first afternoon. Camp was being put into condition, and many hampers and packages of deli-

The Rough Riders' first meal at Camp Wikoff.

cacies were received by these the most popular troops of the army for the invasion of Cuba.

Many and varied were the wants of these brave fellows. The most urgent need was to fill out various aching cavities about the waist line; next was the anxiety to inform their friends and relatives of their safe arrival and the condition of health which the close of the campaign found them in. The telegraph companies had instituted no regular service at this point sufficient to the needs and requirements of the place, as they should have done. The regular telegraph station was several miles away from the detention camp; therefore, when I made known my willingness to take any telegrams for delivery that they desired to send I was surrounded by a lot of anxious soldiers. They came from every troop. The first I had occasion to be of service to was Lieutenant Woodbury Kane. As soon as he had written his telegram, "Yale" Greenway got in his little work, and so it kept on for an hour or so.

The sentiments expressed were as varied and characteristic as the troops themselves,

and they went in all directions over the United States—some to the mansions of the rich at Newport, others to the prairie home of the cowboy. One of the most original of these telegrams I will quote, omitting, of course, the sender's name, in order to show how a gallant Rough Rider telegraphed his sentiments to his sweetheart. It was as follows: "Darling Kate: Stopped no bullets; caught no fever. Jim."

One of the Rough Riders who would have been as anxious as any of the others to send a message to his home folks was the late lamented Rough Rider Sergeant William Tiffany. After the battle of San Juan he was detailed to proceed to Siboney to purchase a few luxuries for his troop. It was my pleasure on my way in from Playa to overtake this gallant Rough Rider, and we came along the last part of the journey together. He wanted to know where he could obtain something in the way of refreshments, and I told him that I should be pleased to take him to our headquarters and let him share what we had there. He was overjoyed at the prospect of once more sitting with his legs under a table, and

Lieutenants "Yale" Greenway and Woodbury Kane writing telegrams.

as he sat down to the bacon, eggs, and fried potatoes which comprised our meal that night he remarked on the strangeness he felt in once more handling a knife and fork. Porridge never tasted so good to him before, and bacon and eggs never so palatable; his appreciation of this meal was greater, he said, than any he had ever had. This was because he was hungry. After apologizing for calling for a second plate, he said that on his return to New York he should be pleased to reciprocate by playing host for the crowd at any restaurant we chose to name.

He was then anxious to purchase some tobacco, cigarettes or cigars, or whatever could be obtained in this line. After scouting around the camp and the many different places where we were likely to get such things, I obtained a small quantity, for which he was very thankful. Brummell, who was the boy of all work around the Journal headquarters, made himself quite handy and of service to Sergeant Tiffany at this time. He helped him to get a few of the necessaries he was in search of, and after feeing this boy with a tip that would make the head of a Delmoni-

co waiter swim with dizziness, Sergeant Tiffany returned to his troop with a better feeling at his heart. This occurred on July 8th, and after enjoying the repast which to him at that time was a sumptuous meal, he strolled out from the Journal headquarters. I offered him a cigar, which he accepted with the thanks of a gentleman. It seemed to me at the time that he had suffered much from the rigours of this campaign, for he was not the same man I had seen about fashionable resorts in New York. His face seemed pinched and drawn, and it had that sallow appearance which is the forerunner of fever in this climate. His step was not sprightly and springy as of yore, but he was in fair spirits and was thankful for any courtesies.

The treatment of the men of the Seventy-first Regiment New York Volunteers on their return from Cuba was not the same as that which they experienced when they first occupied their little tents at Camp Black before the war commenced. It was now quite a different life. Many of those who had been exultant in their anxiety to carry a rifle and to revenge themselves for the dastardly

Hospital tent, Camp Wikoff.

deed which had been perpetrated on our brave and gallant sailors who went down with the Maine, were now helpless and unable to show any signs of that spirit with which they were imbued when they sailed for Cuba. They returned to find that liberty was not theirs; to find themselves in a position scarcely tolerable to men who had done so gallantly for their country. Many a man returned to the States without his "bunkie"; many of the companies returned with ranks depleted to such an extent that they formed but the skeletons of companies and regiments. This depletion was not caused by our real enemies, the Spanish forces in Cuba, but by army contractors, political thievery and incompetence on the part of those having the medical and commissary departments in their care. Not to the Mauser bullets, not to the shrieking shrapnel from the enemies' batteries, but to starvation which brought on sickness, not to say the neglect and willful cruelty where incompetence was not the only fault of the medical officers. Even had the provisions been rushed to the front by the commissary branches of the corps then in Cuba, what phy-

sician—nay, what schoolboy of fifteen years—does not know that filthy greasy pork which has been salted down for so many years that the stench escaping when the barrels are opened is sufficient to act as a strong emetic on the average individual's stomach, is not only not proper food in the tropics, but is absolutely poisonous under such circumstances? The crime perpetrated on the American volunteers by a tribe of military contractors who received from the Administration awards of large contracts should be avenged. The conduct of the so-called physicians and surgeons who have but a kitchen interest in their art and profession will react, I fear, in future responses for volunteers. Let us hope not.

The men brought to Camp Wikoff received none of the attention and care which they would have received had they been permitted to join their families and be under the affection, love, and nursing of mothers, brothers, fathers, sisters, and friends, instead of being left to the mercy and pollution of the vultures who would have made less money had they been mustered out promptly or

Carrying away the sick and wounded at Camp Wikoff.

given sixty or even thirty days' furlough, during which time the men would have received a money equivalent for their rations, and the poor contractors would have been deprived of this golden opportunity of making an "honest dollar."

The wounded and sick were rushed into tents and improvised hospitals, where they were under the care of the regimental surgeons, instead of wives, and mothers, and sisters, and their food was hard-tack and putrid pork—until the bounty of private charity came to their aid. It was then that the Administration papers took the opportunity of trying to show that the Government was favouring the soldiers with kind treatment, when it was the kind-hearted American men and women who happened to visit the camp for the purpose of aiding, be it ever so little. Many cases of individual suffering have reached the ears of the American public, but many more are recitals of the trials and sufferings of those who were crushed under them and are now unable to speak since death robbed them of an opportunity to tell their woes.

After the press had come to the aid of the soldiers it was deemed advisable by the authorities to muster the men out at this point. This was made known in and about the camp for some days previous to their departure. Preparations were made to convey the Seventy-first New York Regiment down to the Battery, New York, from which point they were to march up Broadway to their armory, there to be dispersed and permitted to go to their homes, where they were sought. Their arrival at Long Island City upon the occasion of their trip to New York city for mustering out was in marked contrast to their departure from this place for the front. When they arrived at this terminus, the boat was in readiness. There was no twenty-two hours' wait in a railroad yard, amid the noise and dirt of the engines and under the direct rays of the sun. The boat, I say, was there, but the meal was provided not by a thankful nation through its Government, but by the spontaneous munificence of private charity. Think of it, heroes! Charity is your reward! Charity the return to you for your free offering of life and your relinquish-

The Seventy-first Regiment leaving the train at Long Island City.

ment of all the comforts and advantages enjoyed by you in your social sphere in civil life. When they arrived at Long Island City the soldiers were met by some of the brave veterans of the civil war. Glad hands were extended and grasped on all sides. Mothers, sisters, brothers, fathers, and friends from all quarters were there to welcome the men.

The trip on the ferryboat Flushing from the landing at the Long Island depot to the Battery was as triumphal a sail along the East River as has been witnessed in the past decade. The pilots on the river, from those having charge of a saucy little tug to those piloting the large Fall River steamers, knew the character of the "freight" on board this ferryboat, and they showed their feelings by continuous tooting of whistles. They knew what these men had suffered and performed, and they acknowledged the claim on their gratitude. Salutes were given to this craft on all sides. The river shores were lined, and cheer after cheer, veritable volleys of joyful sound, went ringing out from both shores of the river.

Arrived at the Battery, they found such a

throng as can gather in New York city only. No other people would have tolerated the banging, pushing, and shoving which this cosmopolitan crowd withstood in this city on this occasion. They had waited hour after hour on the streets to welcome these men, and a right good welcome they gave the soldiers. The veterans who stayed at home were gathered at the Battery and drawn up in double line. Cars were provided to transport the men along the streets, so as not to tire them by a long walk from the Battery to Waverley Place; ambulances were filled with the sick and wounded and those unable to march in the ranks, in order that these men might receive the same reception as was accorded to their fellow-soldiers who had been more fortunate in the matter of wounds and illness than they had.

As they proceeded up Broadway there was a great display of bunting from every business house. Men, women, and children waved the Stars and Stripes with tender feeling for these men, coupled with pride in them, which was fully warranted and justified. They marched up Broadway to Waverley

The Seventy-first Regiment on the ferryboat arriving at the Battery.

Place, then to Fifth Avenue, then to the armory of the regiment. This trip, with the exception of the charge up San Juan hill, was possibly the proudest moment in Colonel Downs's life. It was manifestly a reception most hearty and generous, a reception that a hero alone is worthy of. His presence in the front of the regiment, followed by the regimental chaplain looking little the worse for wear, in deep contrast to his colonel, was loudly cheered. The greeting encouraged him so that he looked ready and fit to go through another such campaign. Let the critics and those who pen the history of this campaign say what they may; let them talk as they like; let their opinions be put in black and white, it still remains a fact that the rank and file of the Seventy-first Regiment, New York Volunteers, for whom I can speak personally, were as brave a lot of fellows as ever shouldered a rifle. These men returned to their armory in a sorry condition. Many were social lights and many such had died fighting for their country, and had gone to meet the Great Commander. It is a most significant fact that while these men had

shown such fortitude and gallantry under the hardships which they endured during their last days at Santiago, the percentage of the sick was enormous. Had this campaign at Santiago been conducted in a soldierly manner these men would not have been permitted to lie so long in those pits of disease, the trenches. Something certainly could have been done to alleviate the sufferings, hardships, and inconveniences, to which not only the men of the Seventy-first Regiment were subjected, but the entire Fifth Army Corps.

The following letter from my friend the late Eugene Goff is worthy of record. It tells in a plain unvarnished way of the sufferings of the Seventy-first. It was written with no view to publication, and to one who reads between the lines it means a good deal.

"IN THE FIELD NEAR SANTIAGO DE CUBA,
"*August 4, 1898.*

"FRIEND SAM: I wrote you a letter some time ago, about the 9th or 10th of July, I think, and have received no answer as yet. Still, as I know the mails are very uncertain, I surmise you might not have received it.

Honours to the Seventy-first Regiment on Broadway.

"My primary motive in writing this is to inform you of the sad death of poor Billy Cheevers. He died on August 1st, at about 9.30 P. M., after an illness lasting off and on about twenty-two days. The disease was fever. He makes the third one in the regiment to go within the last week.

"Billy was brave and merry right up to the last, so much so that we all thought he would pull through. Gaffney was the man on watch with him at the last, and Billy's mind was on military matters almost entirely. He imagined he was going through the battle again, and furthermore, for some unaccountable reason, thought he was in the old Twenty-second.

"I tell you, Sam, we have put in a terrible campaign since the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of July. I doubt if there is a man in the outfit who would not rather go through the din and roar of actual battle than undergo again the hardships of the last month.

"At least fifty per cent of the regiment have been down with the fever, some with mild attacks, others with severe. It was my fortune to get it quite severely. It com-

menced on the 16th of last month, and I have not fully recovered yet—in fact, don't expect to until I reach the North (if I ever do). For three alternate days I lay grovelling on the ground hour after hour, just praying God to let me die. My feelings were something terrible. It was as if I were put in a crematory while alive and the heat turned on, in conjunction with which my head was splitting open, and it appeared as if my spine had been broken. I tell you it was terrible.

"We are all eagerly awaiting orders to move away from here, and expect to go inside of another week. I tell you, we are all pretty well broken up around here. It is only recently that we have been able to get anything to eat except the regulation hardtack, pork, and coffee.

"I realize now that if I had stayed with the old organization my lines would have been more pleasant, but personally I do not regret the step as yet, except in so far as it perhaps led to Billy's death. He was hardly in a physical condition to withstand the hardships and vicissitudes of this campaign. He was very sick at Lakeland, Fla., but ap-

The Seventy-first Regiment on Fifth Avenue.

Colonel Downs and Chaplain Vandewater in the lead.

parently recovered. Poor Bill! He is buried right in front of the American entrenchments on the slope of the hill facing Santiago. Right back of him are the indentations made by Captain Capron's battery. We acted as their support during the last bombardment.

" Billy proved himself a brave and fearless soldier all the way through. He was acting corporal on July 1st, and brought his squad up on the hill together. He was right with me when we arrived on the extreme top, and if I hadn't jumped in front of him at the last moment would have been the first man in the regiment to reach the blockhouse. We were right together throughout, and I really think that he, Chalfin (an old regular-army man), and myself fired more deliberate shots at actual moving Spaniards than all the rest of the Seventy-first Regiment put together. I don't say all this boastfully, but to try and give you some idea of Billy's sterling qualities.

" Decker, of our company, was killed right alongside of Billy, but he was so intent on his work that he hardly knew it. It is all too

bad. I can hardly realize it as yet. Well, I trust to get North and see you some day.

"Good-bye.

"From GENE GOFF."

But to come back to Camp Wikoff: Its unsanitary condition soon began to foster fever, and the neglect of the soldiers in the hospitals, where they were literally starving—for they could not eat the coarse fare provided—raised a storm of indignation throughout the country. Some of the most outrageous evils were rectified, but Camp Wikoff, which was evacuated by all the volunteer regiments by September 24th, proved the deathplace of hundreds of brave men who might have been alive to-day had proper care been given them.

And now my task is finished. My endeavour has been to describe scenes in the war which I myself witnessed. I have not attempted to give a history of the campaign, but have simply dealt with naval and military events which came within my own personal observation. I have felt it my duty at times to criticise quite freely the gross mismanage-

The depleted ranks of the colour company, Seventy-first Regiment.

ment which characterized the war from beginning to end, but in no case have I blamed without cause. It is hard to lose dear friends by the bullets of the enemy, but it is far harder to realize that hundreds perished in our own camps and transports of starvation and disease, caused by the criminal negligence and incompetence of those in charge.

Where is there an American who can read without righteous indignation the report of General Sir Herbert Kitchener, the victor of the campaign in the Soudan just brought to a triumphal close? The sirdar writes in cordial commendation of the commissary, medical, and transport departments and the "excellent rations which were always provided and kept the men strong, healthy, and fit to endure all the hardships of an arduous campaign, enabling them at a critical moment to support exceptional fatigue, continuous marching, and fighting for fourteen hours during the height of a Soudan summer."

What a shameful contrast is presented by the pitiable results of our own campaign!

APPENDIX.

Hints to Amateur and Professional Photographers.

To the professional and amateur photographer I wish to say a few words in concluding my narrative of the events I witnessed in the war between the United States and Spain. I wish to say something that every photographer may derive benefit from. My experience in this campaign has been quite varied and interesting from the view point of the photographer. It was my first experience of this character, but I trust it will not be my last. Practical experience, as all know, is one of the best teachers, and it is something which a man can not acquire from books. Not only does it give the method, but it also gives the skill and efficiency. I do not mean to state that the few suggestions I am about to give will make a photographer of one unskilled in the art. A photographer must necessarily experience these things in order to

become proficient; but I do want to impart to my fellow-workers some hints which may possibly help them should they undertake anything of this kind. There are many older heads in the profession than mine, and those who have rendered greater service to the art than I have; but, as the old saying goes, there is something to be learned from every fool and every child, so possibly there may be something learned from me.

I wish to state that, while it is necessary to have good lenses, good cameras, good plates, and, in fact, everything good in the line of tools and implements incidental to the proper practice of the profession, still there must be something more than this. The camera is like the gun of the war ship: while the gun can do the deadly execution, while shot and shell are brought to a state of perfection by our skilled artisans, the man must be behind the gun. So it is with the camera. I do not wish to give the impression that I am *the only* photographer: my desire is simply to state that I consider myself fortunate in being one of the few photographers who have had the privilege and opportunity to reproduce the stirring and splendid pictures of this exciting

time and its incidents which I am proud to have been a spectator of. I shall recall these scenes in future and associate them with all ideas of the life and dash in a man's composition—scenes which have called a man to his senses in more than one instance.

To go through a war and depict the scenes with which one momentarily comes in contact is to do something for which I can hardly find a fitting comparison. The life there depicted is full of trials and tortures, experiences which would almost rend a man's heart asunder. A man becomes callous after witnessing the wonderful exhibitions of exalted courage and action which mortal man can endure in moments of martial inspiration. No man can go on a field of battle and witness such things without becoming callous. I do not mean to say that a man loses all his sympathy, but he temporarily parts with his nicer feelings in the terrible realities that he passes through.

As I have said, it is absolutely necessary to have good tools with which to do one's work. When you have these, then you can go ahead with might and will. In the first place, the kind of climate one finds in Cuba is not at all

favourable to the photographer in the prosecution of his calling. While I admit the light is almost perfect, yet there are drawbacks almost impossible to overcome. In the early morning there is a dampness in the atmosphere, which is apt to make your plates or films, whichever you use, useless, and sometimes to render them absolutely worthless. The greatest care must be taken to protect your plates and films from this damp atmosphere. While I should not advise every one to do as I have done (because I have since seen where my experience taught me something by which I could in future profit), I would say that the future photographing of war scenes will be done with cameras quite different from those I used in this campaign. I have already laid my plans and ordered new cameras in anticipation of what history may bring forth.

All through this war I carried glass plates in large quantities, and in travelling from place to place I found them a very heavy burden. They could not be stowed away in small places or with the convenience of films, therefore I should advise that films be used wherever a long journey is expected. No doubt glass plates have some advantages in their genuine lasting qualities

which the films do not possess. The support of the film—the celluloid—has something very defective in its composition which has not up to this time been eradicated, and it affects the sensitiveness of the film, but this, I hope, chemical experts may control, or entirely overcome, in the near future.

To the professional photographer who goes to the front to depict anything and everything that may occur I would give the advice to use as small a camera as possible to render his picture properly discernible. To go more minutely into details, I would advise the use of a rapid-working lens, no matter whose make it may be, as long as it has that necessary and requisite property of dealing with a large, plain field, good depth of focus, and plenty of brilliancy. A lens that is not exactly a landscape lens, but one between the two, a lens more on the portrait style, seems to be more adaptable, as it works with a larger aperture, and is applicable to all kinds of work, and we know that portraits and figures are the most important parts in photographing such a subject as I have here before me.

A camera not larger than five by seven is the most convenient to use. If it is adapted for

films as well as plates so much the better. A camera convertible, to use with either films or plates, in my opinion is the ideal camera. If you are going on a short journey I say take plates and use them, for the results gained will repay you for the extra labour you may perform in carrying them with you. If you are going on a long journey, not knowing when you may return, not knowing where you may go, I should say the daylight film is the most convenient and the most popular of the present-day creations. It is sometimes necessary in going on extended trips to take a developer along, with which you can test your film and know what you are working at; therefore I should advise taking along a developer made up in powder form, by which you can make a test of each film as you progress. There is always some place where this work can be done.

There may be such a word as "can't," but I shall never use it if I can possibly help. The old saying, that where there is a will there is a way, came to me with vivid force during this campaign. The pictures made nowadays do not convey to the reader the same romantic spectacle that one is accustomed to seek and find in

past war pictures, for the use of smokeless powder has taken away the effect of clouds of dense smoke, through portions of which were to be seen, dimly outlined, the opposing forces and all the attendant incidents. I imagine that if a shutter can be made fast enough to take the bullets as they whiz through the air, then war scenes may again become very vivid, picturesque, and romantic. But can we ever expect this? Think, you photographers. Just think for a moment. Think of the rate at which these little missives of death can travel. This is, of course, but a dream, as we know it will never happen, but we know there must be something that will give that vividness and reality which the absence of smoke now deprives. I found that while I was exposed to the dangers of the bullets and the breaking of shells around me my work kept me preoccupied; that I really forgot in a great many instances that I was on the field of battle.

It has been said of the gallant men who fight on the line that they forget the danger when they once commence their work, and I positively believe such is the case. A man gets to work, and if he is in earnest I really think he forgets

everything around him and is wrapped up in the results which he has taken such chances to gain. While every picture a man should take under these circumstances might not be a work of art, still it is possible to change position and get a variety of pictures. It is one's duty to depict that which seems to be the best. Therefore a selection of subjects will cause you less annoyance when you come to develop, and find you have no repetitions. If you study your pictures you will find that you can portray many more scenes and incidents with half as much work than if you went into the field without any certain plan.

While I can not say that I long to see another war, yet I have a craving to go and do again what I think I could now do better. Should a chance present itself in future for me to do what I have done in the past, I think I could do myself, and the profession in general, more credit than I have hitherto.

The camera of which I think a great deal will be heard in future in photographing battle scenes and stirring pictures of troops in action will be a camera likened unto the moving-lens camera, a camera of which one might say it

looks behind you. It is a camera which will take in a field of from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty degrees. These cameras will be so made and adapted in time to come that they will be used in the hand, as my own camera is now, and will portray from one side to the other, including, as I said before, a large and extensive angle. I can not go into details, as I have not fully developed the idea. This will be the camera I shall use in the future should I ever have the opportunity.

I trust in these few suggestions that something may be found to help my brothers and sisters—for has not this glorious art been taken up by women with all the enthusiasm and pride which they infuse into all their undertakings? It is not the professional who does so much for the art, or who has done so much in the past for photography, for the professional looks to but the dollar-and-cents end. It is the amateur to whom we must look for improvements; his aim is to do something which has not yet been done, for he has time to do it. Therefore we have to thank the amateur for several praiseworthy improvements.

I trust this little work may be of some value

to the reader interested in this branch of photography, and that the illustrations herein will be judged from the conditions under which they were made.

J. C. HEMMENT.

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THE END.

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